

The

TATLER



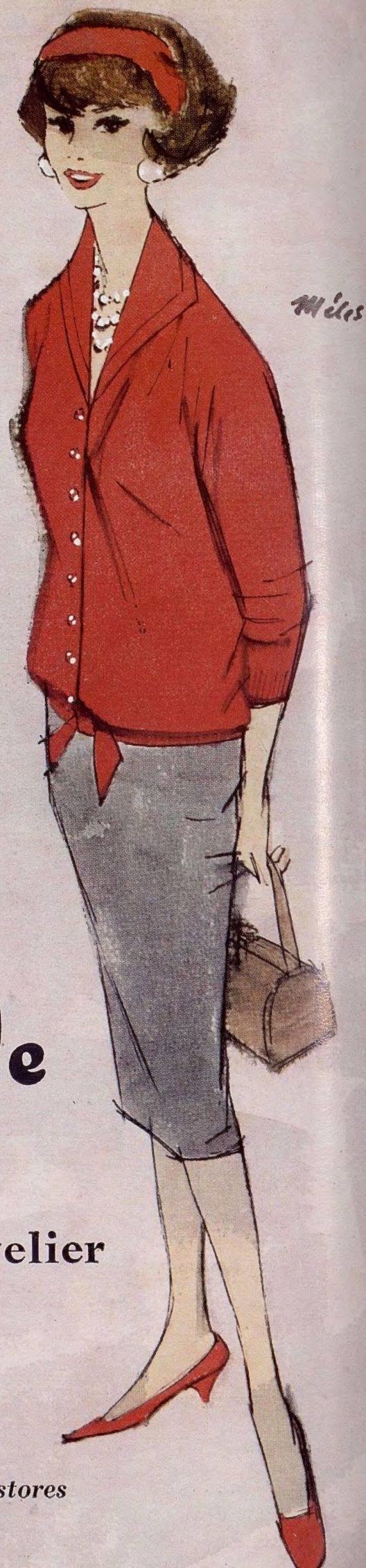
OCTOBER 29, 1958

& BYSTANDER (2/-)



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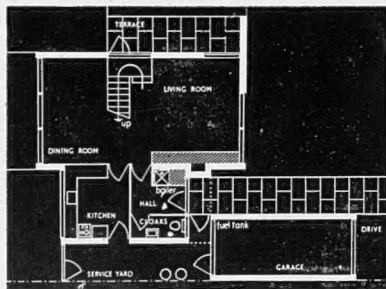
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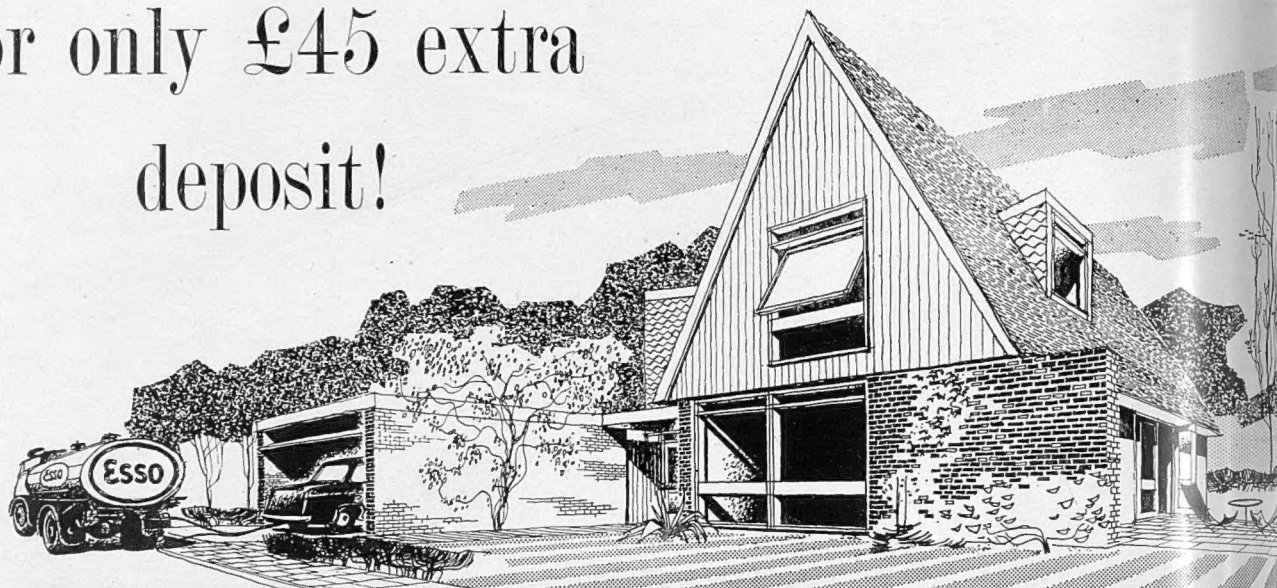
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deposit!



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If you are thinking of building, buying or converting, there is a publication on oil-fired central heating, 'Warmth in the Modern Home', that will give you further details. This publication is available to you, free on request; write to: Esso Home Heating Department (AS) 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, SW1

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BIANCO

WHERE *to* go... WHAT *to* see

Planning your programme

BY ANDREW HALL

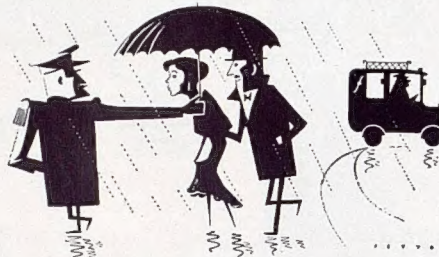
THE HOFFNUNG Interplanetary Music Festival takes place at the Royal Festival Hall on 21 and 22 November, at 8 p.m. The use of the word interplanetary should not necessarily be taken too literally, although a visit from another world is rumoured. This gala event in glorious Hoffnungscape will include many world premières. The programme contains "The Hoffnung Overture," scored for full orchestra, organ and anvil, and a number of unusual percussion instruments, including a new noise, to be known as the "Thing." Other absolutely indispensable instruments are a few road rammers, an espresso coffee machine, a ping-pong ball (two players), and a fog horn. Tickets for the last Hoffnung Festival in 1956 were sold out within two hours.

Foxhunting really gets going again this month and the angler has some of his best sport with grayling. It is a "coarse" fish, unpopular in many trout streams during the summer, but it gives some excellent winter sport with fly.

This week has such diverse occasions as Hallowe'en on

31 October, the annual London-to-Brighton veteran car run on 2 November and Guy Fawkes' Night on the 5th. One of the most unusual Hallowe'en parties is the

one being held in the Chislehurst Caves. Magicians and wonder-workers will be there in some force and dress, one is warned, will be informal.



THE TATLER TEAM TIPS
(from recent contributions):

Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

The Dragon, 3 Westbourne Grove, W.2. "Excellent meals... have half portions... always enough in a Chinese restaurant. You can park your car with ease round the corner and for table reservation in the evening telephone PARK 4328."

The White Hart, Godstone. "Dates from 1370... two bars and a restaurant and a grill concentrating on food in the English tradition (GODSTONE 33711)."

The Swan Hotel, Thames Ditton. "Right on the river... large and attractive bar, good restaurant and grill room (EMBERBROOK 1814)."

Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

The Elder Statesman (Cambridge Theatre). "His latest play [from Mr. T. S. Eliot] is going to give his devoted following a bit of a shock... completely sincere... wholly conventional sentiment... dialogue is a pleasure to hear

... particularly well cast. Mr. Paul Rogers does remarkably well."

The Tunnel of Love (Her Majesty's Theatre). "A farce on a delicate theme... a wild escapade. With Mr. Brian Reece, and Miss Barbara Murray as a flutteringly foolish wife."

Where's Charley? (Palace Theatre). "An instant success... extremely funny... well-drilled chorus. Mr. Norman Wisdom whirls and twirls in an ecstasy of good humour. Miss Pip Hinton... an enchantingly mischievous new star."

Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

Passionate Summer. "Miss Joan Henry's screen play handles the tangled emotions with a sympathetic understanding... blazing and lovely Jamaican back-grounds, splendidly photographed in Eastman Colour."

The Brothers Karamazov. "Wildly orgiastic scenes... explosive... excellently played by Mr. Lee J. Cobb, Mr. Yul Brynner, and Fraulein Maria Schell... spite... jealousy... and a happy ending. This is a sumptuous and painstaking production."



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The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXX. No. 2990

29 October 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



A. V. Swaebø

PERSONALITY

Man of the Pytchley

COLONEL JOHN GEORGE LOWTHER is preparing, at 73, for yet another season in the hunting field as one of the three joint Masters of the Pytchley. It is an association which began in 1923, continued until his resignation in 1940, resumed in 1949 (the year before he relinquished the post of Sector Commander, Home Guard, which he had held for eight years) and still continues.

The Pytchley, founded about 1750 with Earl Spencer as first Master, hunts in Leicestershire and Northants over country famous for long runs and strongly fenced enclosures which put severe demands on horse and rider. A supporters' club was started in 1954 to raise local interest and enthusiasts

now follow the hunt on foot and by cycle.

Col. Lowther, a D.S.O. of World War One (he received the C.B.E. in 1953), has no plans for retirement from the hunting field. His second recreation is shooting and he spends most of his time on his country estate at Guilsborough Court, Northants, with only brief visits to London.

The colonel's elder son, Capt. George Lowther, rides with him now as another joint-Master. He lives at nearby Holdenby Hall, where Princess Margaret has attended the Pytchley Hunt Ball. The younger son, John, who lives in London, married Miss Jennifer Bevan, a former Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess, in 1952.

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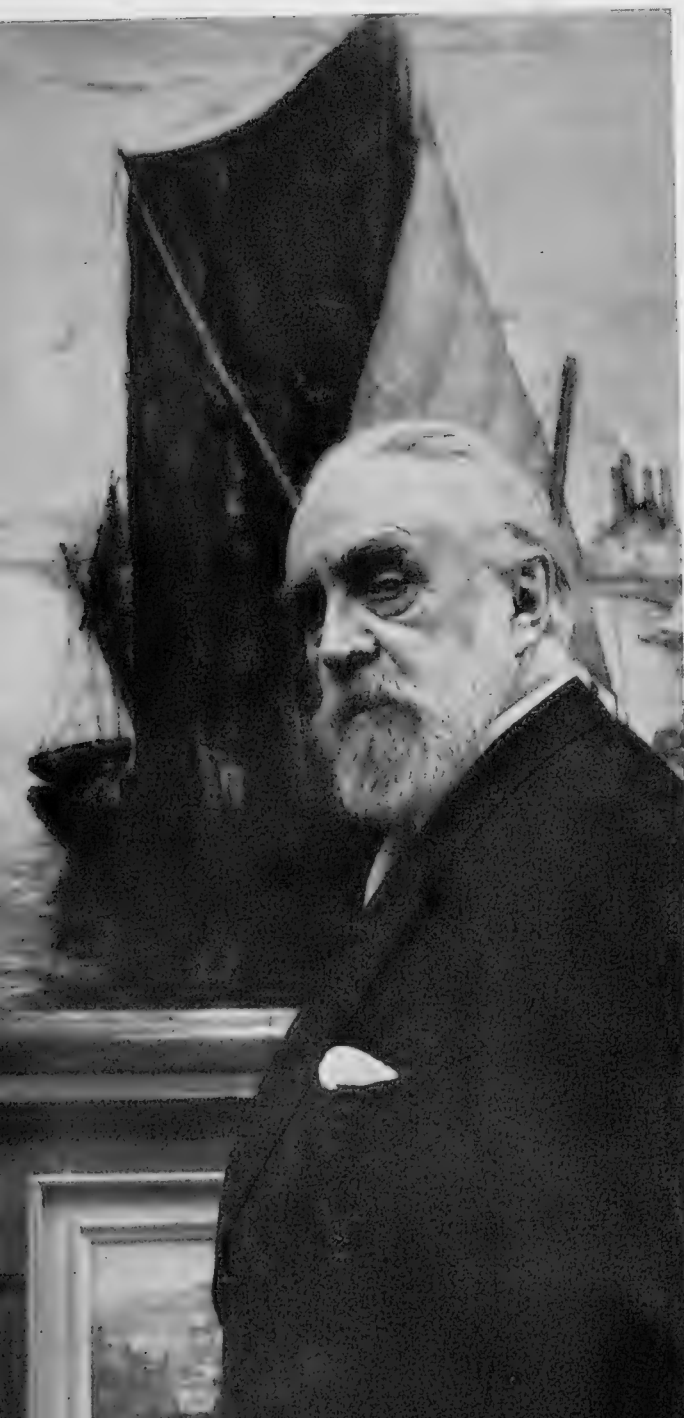
Sotheby's £781,000 sale

Seven paintings belonging to the late Jakob Goldschmidt sold for £781,000 at Sotheby's. Right: Mr. Peter Wilson auctioning Manet's *La rue de Berne*, bought by Mr. G. Keller of the Carstairs Gallery, New York

PAINTING *is* NEWS

Royal Institute's 71st show

The Royal Institute of Oil Painters held its 71st Exhibition at its Piccadilly Galleries. Below: Mr. Stanley Grimm with his *Thames Barge*



Mr. R. Blackmore (secretary of the R.I.O.P.) with Mrs. Lance Monckton. She is the artist, May Monckton



Lady Strathcona & Mount Royal. The painting, by Miss A. K. Brown, is of Colonsay Harbour





R. Wellings

Ballade of utter insolvency

By FRANCIS KINSMAN

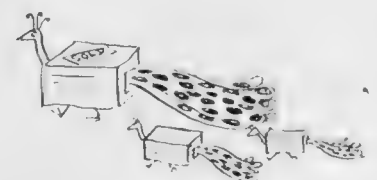
*It's really been the most appalling blow
Since Uncle Arthur had to sell his land.
I felt that you should be the first to know—
Harry's idea for tax relief's been banned.
I mean, we never were exactly grand,
But now the pinch is horribly severe.
We're simply hanging by a single strand.
It couldn't be more agony, my dear!*

*The ghastly strain of putting up a show
Is positively more than I can stand.
I must admit it's madly boring, though,
To stint the little luxuries I'd planned:
The orangery will never be japanned,
I've given up all hope for my Vermeer. . .
Oh, everything's so wildly out of hand!
It couldn't be more agony, my dear!*

*Morale has slithered to an all-time low.
Harry's accountant's totally unmanned—
He even said the peacocks had to go,
And made us get a Bentley second-hand,
And Turkish ciggies of a cheaper brand.
(Can you imagine anything more drear?)
Fortnum's have sent their ultimate demand.
It couldn't be more agony, my dear!*

ENVOI

*Prince, you've just got to try and under-
stand
One's pulling in one's horns a bit this year.
We're not accustomed to the feeling, and
It couldn't be more agony, my dear!*



Miss R. Kendall (her husband is Professor Kendall of the
London School of Economics) and Miss Susan Strong, the
painter and writer

Desmond O'Neill



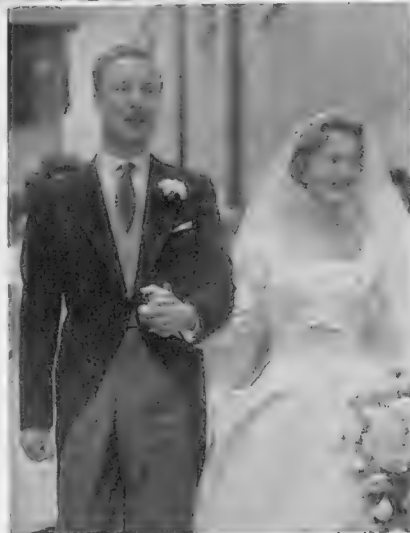


Above. Beckett—Ross: Miss Angela Ross, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Ross, Westbourne Crescent, Highfield, married Mr. John H. Beckett, son of Mr. & Mrs. S. Beckett, Belton, Whitchurch, Shropshire, at St. Michael & All Angels', Southampton

Carter—Tyler: Miss Shirley Anne Tyler, younger daughter of the late Mr. H. B. D. Tyler, & of Mrs. J. W. A. Stephenson, Gerrards Cross, married Mr. Geoffrey Carter, only son of the late Mr. E. A. B. Carter, & Mrs. Carter, of Chalfont St. Peter, at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Hale—Murray: Miss Rosemary Murray, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. Ernest Murray, of Stanmore, Middlesex, married Mr. Keith Hale, son of the late Mr. & Mrs. E. Hale, at St. Mary's, Cadogan St.

Ormrod—Charlton: Miss Mary Charlton, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. Charlton, Linnels, Hexham, Northumberland, married Capt. John Moreland Ormrod, 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars, twin son of Major M. S. Ormrod, D.S.O., & Mrs. Ormrod, Pickhill Hall, Wrexham, Denbighshire, at St. Mary's, Hexham



Brassey—Baskervyle-Glegg: Miss Myrna Baskervyle-Glegg, daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Baskervyle-Glegg, The Gateways, Chelsea married Capt. David Brassey, the Grenadier Guards, son of Col. the Hon. Bernard & Mrs. Brassey, Manor House, Apethorpe, Peterborough, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Buchan-Hepburn—Greig: Miss Margaret Greig, daughter of the late Sir Leslie Greig, & Lady Greig, Binsness, Forfar, married Mr. Ninian Buchan-Hepburn, son of Sir John Buchan-Hepburn, Smeaton-Hepburn, & Lady Buchan-Hepburn, at St. Andrew's, Ham Comm.



Robson—Fry: Miss Jane Rosemary Fry, daughter of Sir Leslie Fry, K.C.M.G. (Her Majesty's Minister to Hungary), and of Mrs. B. G. Ivory, Wylde, Wilts, married Mr. David F. Robson, son of Mr. H. G. S. Robson, and of Mrs. A. W. Cornforth, St. James's, at St. Mary Abbots, W.8

Sale—Young: Miss Marian Eleanor Young, daughter of Major & Mrs. John Young, Thornton Hall, Bletchley, married Mr. Richard Sale, son of Brig. Walter Sale (the Crown Equerry), & the Hon. Mrs. Sale, Crown Equerry's House, the Royal Mews, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



ROTTEN ROW, where this immaculately dressed girl is about to ride, is the subject of a picture feature on p. 272-3. An article on p. 271 describes the Boom in Riding, with details of prices, places and what to wear (the turnout on the cover is by Moss Bros. of Covent Garden, photographed by Peter Clark). Also: T. E. B. Clarke tells how he once owned a racehorse (p. 268)



THE QUEEN looks on as the West German President, Dr. Heuss, meets the British Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan (back to camera). Behind, Prince Philip talks to Foreign Minister von Brentano

SOCIAL JOURNAL

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by JENNIFER

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& Bystander
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THE STATE VISIT to Britain of the West German President—the first on this level since the Kaiser's time—was an outstanding social as well as diplomatic event. Professor Heuss flew from Germany to Gatwick, where he was met by the Duke of Gloucester who accompanied him to Victoria station. Here the Queen was waiting to welcome him with Prince Philip and Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra of Kent.

Also at the station were the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, and other members of the Government; Sir William Morgan, Vice-Lieutenant for the County of London, and the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London; and three Service chiefs, Admiral Sir Caspar John, Gen. Sir Francis Festing the C.I.G.S., and Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Dermot Boyle.

It was a grey, drizzly morning as the procession drove to Buckingham Palace where the Queen and Prince Philip gave a State banquet in the President's honour on the first evening of his visit. The following evening he entertained the Queen and members of the Royal Family to a dinner at the German Embassy, and on the last evening Professor Heuss, after dining quietly with his host and hostess at Buckingham Palace, was the guest of the Government at a reception at Lancaster House. More about these parties on page 260.

Why autumn is gayer

The Haberdashers' Hall in the City was the setting for a dance given by Mrs. Aubrey-Fletcher for her pretty débutante daughter Miss Susan Aubrey-Fletcher. Guests sat out in the gallery around the stately banquet hall and watched the dancing below. Among the many friends who gave dinner parties for the ball I met Mr. & Mrs. Edward Barford, Mr. Ivan & Lady Edith Foxwell, Mr. David Drummond and his daughter Philippa (deputizing splendidly for her mother who had 'flu), and Captain & Mrs. Bryan Durant; he, incidentally, takes up the post next April of Captain of the Fleet, Home Fleet, at Portsmouth. Also Major & Mrs. Ben Walford, Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Hohler, Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Struan Robertson, and Mr. & Mrs. Terence Morrison-Scott.

The autumn dances are usually much gayer than the earlier ones, as all the young people know each other, and this was no exception. The large number enjoying themselves included Miss Penelope Riches, Miss Alexandra Versen in blue, the two Mirandas—Miss Miranda Burke and Miss Miranda Smiley—who are among the most charming of this year's débutantes, Miss Harriet Nares, Miss Diane Kirk, Miss Jane Durant (pretty in palest pink), Miss Carolyn Kershaw in green dancing with an exceptionally tall partner, Miss Alexandra Bridgewater in a lovely aquamarine brocade dress,

Other People's Babies



ELIZABETH JANE, two, and ALISON MARY, two months, daughters of Mr. & Mrs. P. Longley, Warnham, near Horsham



KEITH ANTHONY, four months, son of Mr. & Mrs. Bryan Hern, Melville Avenue, Wimbledon



NICHOLAS JOHN, 19 months, son of Mr. & Mrs. A. Hanbury-Williams, Bramham Gardens, S.W.5

Mr. John Smiley, Miss Gay Foster in white dancing with Mr. Jamie Illingworth, and Miss Penelope Bradford who is sharing her coming-out dance next summer with her brother Jeremy on his 21st birthday. Others included Miss Zia Foxwell, Miss Caroline Butler, Miss Deborah Jowitt, Miss Penelope Graham, Mr. Robin Duthy, the Hon. Helen Rollo, Miss Georgina Milner, Miss Sabrina Longland, Miss Carolyn Skyrme, Mr. Nicholas Dawson, Miss Carolyn Slater, and Mr. Alan Macintosh. *Pictures on p. 259.*

A business builds up

Earlier I had been to the evening dress show of the autumn collection from Bellville et Cie, who began by specializing in clothes of débutantes. From a small beginning (giving a show her first season in her grandmother, Mrs. Gordon Leith's, drawing room) Miss Belinda Bellville, now Mrs. David Whatley, has built up a fine couture house with show-rooms in Motcomb Street. Here she has recently been joined by a brilliant young man, David Sassoon, from the Royal College of Fashion Designing. Bellville et Cie still specialize in clothes for débutantes, but they also make dresses "with a difference" for women of any age, and have a special wedding room with a large selection of designs and materials. They also design for the theatre and have made the charming clothes worn by Adrienne Allen in the current hit *Five Finger Exercise*.

There were more than 40 models in the collection and among these I especially liked a short black satin dress, which cost only 12½ gns., under a full black satin evening coat priced at 14½ gns., both from the Boutique; a beautiful ball dress called "Waltz," with a satin ribbon embroidered bolero; also a very original and comfortable evening outfit called "Houseparty"—a lilac grosgrain dress with a mohair top which would keep you warm in the coldest British country home! Looking at the collection were Belinda's step-father and mother, the Hon. Peter & Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, her sister Camilla (who was a bride a few days later), her aunt Mrs. Nancy Cotterell with her daughter Lady Rose Bligh and Lady Douglas-Pennant, Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn and Mrs. Harold Huth. Also young marrieds Mr. & Mrs. "Sandy" Gilmour and Mr. & Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, and a bunch of ex-débutantes who are mostly working now, including Miss Richenda Gurney, Miss Sally Hunter, Miss Merle Ropner, the twins Miss

Clare and Miss Anne Cobbold, who are both in good jobs, Miss June Ducas, Miss Charlotte Kleinwort, Miss Jennifer Nelson, the Hon. Prue McCorquodale, Miss Dawn Lawrence, Miss Patricia Huth, who is with a big industrial firm (her elder sister Angela is now working in New York), and Miss Kirsty Dundas who works at the Foreign Office.

Cocktails—and an Annigoni

The Hon. William Watson-Armstrong and his petite and gay Italian-born wife always give exceptionally good parties. They have a charming house in Knightsbridge and at a recent cocktail party there I met a number of friends. The Peruvian Ambassador and his beautiful wife were present, also the Italian Ambassador Signor Zoppi, Conte Borromeo, Counsellor at the Italian Embassy, and Contessa Borromeo, Rear-Admiral Brengola the Italian Naval Attaché, Miss Evie Prebensen, daughter of the Norwegian Ambassador, Sir Douglas Howard former Minister to the Vatican, Sir Robert Craigie a former Ambassador in Tokyo, and the Comtesse de Margerie whose father-in-law is the French Minister to the Vatican.

Annigoni's fine portrait of the hostess was hanging on the drawing room wall, and during the party a young student of this great painter accompanied by Padre Vallenti called unexpectedly to ask if he could see the painting; both were given a welcome by Mrs. Watson-Armstrong, who looked most attractive in an aquamarine silk dress. Viscountess Vaughan (who was also painted by Annigoni) was admiring the picture with Viscount Vaughan, and I met Sir Anthony & Lady Meyer, Mr. "Ruby" Holland-Martin and his lovely wife, and Mme. Cuissart de Grelle happily looking well again. Her husband, Commandant Cuissart de Grelle, the Assistant Military, Naval and Air Attaché at the Belgian Embassy, only had time to come in for a moment to collect his wife. Also there were Doreen Lady Bourne, Mrs. Ronald Bowes Lyon and her daughter Mrs. Eaton, Col. & Mrs. Alastair Villiers, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Whitwell, Lady George Cholmondeley talking to Princess Galitzine, and Miss Ina Villiers.

The buyers did their duty

I looked in at Park Lane House where the Trafalgar Fair was in full swing. It was run in aid of the British Sailors' Society of which

[Continued on page 260]



Left: Mr. & Mrs. John Aubrey-Fletcher of Chiltern, nr. Aylesbury, with their daughter, Miss Susan Aubrey-Fletcher. They gave the dance for her



Right: Mr. Alasdair MacInnes, of the Cameron Highlanders, with the Hon. Helen Rollo

In the HABERDASHERS' HALL

*A coming-out dance for
Miss Susan Aubrey-Fletcher*

Right: Mr. Charles Black with Miss Jennifer Burgess. She is studying singing



Right: Miss Minnie Bradford (she comes from Somerset) with Mr. Charles Seeley. He is at Lloyd's



Right: Miss Caroline Reynolds (she is a secretary) with Oxford undergraduate Mr. John Albery



Left: Miss Deirdre Senior. She is the younger daughter of Brigadier & the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior





STOKES JOKES

the Queen is patron. This Society looks after the welfare of British seamen all over the world.

Earl Beatty, president of the fair, was at the opening which was carried out by Lady Truscott, and I met the chairman Gwen Lady Melchett, the vice-chairman the Hon. Mrs. Ian Macalpine, and the hon. treasurer Lord Strathcarron. At the flower stall, which had been beautifully arranged with a striped canopy and trailing ivy, I found Mrs. Ellsworth-Jones, Mrs. Geoffrey Blake, Mrs. Eric Rylands and a group of friends with plenty of customers for their fresh-cut flowers and plants.

Lady Swinfen, Mrs. Hubert Raphael, Lady Gloria Flower and Mrs. Howey were busy running the beauty stall with the able help of Mrs. Raphael's two young daughters Sally and Wendy. Mrs. David Salmon, a recent bride, was buying kitchen gadgets from Lady (Charles) Russell at her gadgeteers stall. Babyland denoted a stall of everything for youngsters, presided over by Lady Ogilvy, Lady Muir-Mackenzie, Mrs. Edward Barnes and Mrs. Duncan McLure. A truly nautical air invested The Port of Call, a well-stocked bar, with flags and pennants overhead and helpers chic in navy blue with sailor hats, sailor collars and navy and white aprons. This had been arranged by Mrs. Madge Heaton who had Mrs. Farrant Gillham, Lady Bethell, Mrs. Aubrey Easton and Commander and Mrs. Peard Clark among her able helpers.

Palace banquet for President

The State Banquet which the Queen & Prince Philip gave in honour of the President of West Germany on the first night of his visit was (as always at Buckingham Palace) a gracious and glamorous affair. The Queen, who wore an ivory satin crinoline beaded and embroidered in gold and pearls, made a short speech of welcome. Dinner was served in the state dining-room at a big horse-shoe table, and afterwards Her Majesty

& Prince Philip, with the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and other members of the Royal Family, including the much-beloved widowed Princess Alice of Athlone, moved around among the guests. These included members of the President's suite, and of the diplomatic corps, Cabinet ministers, representatives of the Royal Household, and a number of specially invited guests.

The following evening the President entertained the Queen & Prince Philip to dinner in the newly rebuilt German Embassy in Belgrave Square. Her Majesty was a radiant figure in a pale blue beaded and embroidered dress, across which she wore the scarlet ribbon of the special Grand Cross with star of the Order of Merit of the Federal Republic of Germany with which the President had invested her and Prince Philip the previous day; her jewels were a high diamond tiara and a pearl, diamond and gold necklace and ear-rings. Also among the guests were the Queen Mother in a crinoline of two shades of fondant pink taffeta with a magnificent diamond and ruby necklace and diamond tiara, and Princess Margaret in pale blue with a small tiara. The Duke & Duchess of Gloucester were there also, she in a pale pink dress with a diamond tiara and sapphire and diamond jewellery; the Princess Royal in blue and fine diamonds; the Duchess of Kent in a chic dress of geranium pink moiré, a diamond tiara, large diamond drop ear-rings and several single stone diamond necklaces; and Princess Alexandra of Kent, enchanting in cream and gold with her hair swept up in a neat coiffure. Prince Philip, like many of the men present, wore court dress and knee breeches and his Order of the Garter.

Other dinner guests (there were about 30 in all) included the Lord Chancellor & Viscountess Kilmaur who was in bottle green, the Prime Minister & Lady Dorothy Macmillan, the latter in sapphire blue satin, the Speaker of the House of Commons & Mrs. W. S. Morrison, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Mr. Derek Heathcoat Amory, Herr Dr. von Brentano, and Sir Frederick Hoyer Millar, now at the Foreign Office and formerly our Ambassador to Western Germany, and Lady Hoyer Millar, charming in a sapphire blue velvet dress trimmed with mink. Also the popular German Ambassador & Madame von Herwarth, who have furnished their new Embassy with taste and made it a fine setting for big receptions.

In the new German Embassy

After dinner there was a reception for about 400 guests who were received in the first floor suite of reception rooms by the

President and Dr. von Brentano. The Queen & Prince Philip, with the other dinner guests, later came up and joined the reception and made their way slowly through the rooms, greeting friends. The Queen stopped to talk to quiet and elegant Mme. Prebensen, who was there with her husband the Norwegian Ambassador, doyen of the diplomatic corps, and with Lord & Lady Knollys who have recently returned from America. The Dowager Duchess of Northumberland, a regal and outstanding figure, was in a violet dress and wore her fabulous heirloom—emeralds and diamonds and diamond tiara. Her daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton & Brandon, in a heavily beaded cream satin dress, was there with the Duke of Hamilton, and I met the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquess of Reading, Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, the Earl & Countess of Bessborough, Earl St. Aldwyn, the recently appointed Captain Gentleman-at-Arms, & Countess St. Aldwyn, the Earl & Countess of Scarbrough (who were enthusiastic about their recent trip to the United States), Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, and his wife, who was in emerald green, Viscount Monckton, Sir Charles & Lady Hambro, Mr. & Mrs. Victor Cavendish Bentinck, the Earl & Countess of Selkirk, the Countess elegant in white satin, and a new life peer, that grand personality Lady Elliot of Harwood, wearing a magnificent diamond tiara, and emeralds and diamonds. She was looking forward to her introduction to the House the following day.

Others at the reception

I also saw Lord & Lady Kindersley, Mr. Whitney & Lady Daphne Straight, Captain & Mrs. Christopher Soames, Mr. Leslie & the Hon. Mrs. Gamage, Mr. Duncan Sandys, Lord & Lady Mills, Mr. & Mrs. John Boyd-Carpenter, Sir Reginald & Lady Mary Manningham-Buller, Sir Norman & Lady Gwatkin, Mr. & Mrs. Hamish Hamilton, Sir Edward & the Hon. Lady Ford, Major Mark Millbank, Sir David & Lady Kelly, Sir John Rothenstein, Mr. "Kim" Cobbold, Mr. Frederick Erroll, M.P., and his attractive wife (they are shortly flying on an inaugural air service to Venezuela), and Brig. & the Hon. Mrs. Walter Sale.

Many of those I have already mentioned were among those present the following evening at the big reception given in the President's honour by the Government at Lancaster House at which the Queen & Prince Philip were again present, and when the Rt. Hon. Selwyn Lloyd, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, received the guests.

[Continued on page 262]

ANTONIA FRASER says:

Surely the reign of the cocktail party has lasted long enough?

You can read her amusing article in the Christmas Number of The TATLER, on sale 14 November, price 3s. 6d. Order now for sending overseas—4s. including postage (or \$1.25 for U.S. and Canada), plus a special greetings card sent by us to tell the recipient that the gift comes from you





The new Lord Mayor of London, Sir Harold Gillett, takes office next week and for 12 months to come his home will be the Mansion House

Inside the Mansion House— HOME FOR A YEAR

to London's new Lord Mayor



WHERE HE DINES : The quiet little room in the Lord Mayor's private suite where he can dine with his family away from City ceremony



WHERE HE IS MET : The official reception room (above) with its gilt chandeliers. Below : The Egyptian Hall and banquet room. Here, too, the Lord Mayor holds his court



WHERE HE SLEEPS : The Lord Mayor's bedroom in the private suite at Mansion House. The windows are tall, the lighting is by chandelier

William Davis

WHERE HE WELCOMES : One of the two official drawing-rooms (below) in which distinguished guests gather





Vandyk

Miss Cynthia Johnstone to Lt. Gerrard J. M. Andrewes, R.N. She is the daughter of Mr. E. B. Johnstone, Upper Burnt House, Blackboys, Sussex, & Mrs. Johnstone, Fyfyde, Park Road, Winchester. He is the son of Admiral Sir William & Lady Andrewes, Sparkford House, St. Cross, Winchester.

Miss Sally-Rose Warner to Capt. Bernard C. Gordon Lennox. She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Warner, The Old Rectory, Stanton, near Broadway. He is the elder son of Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. George Gordon Lennox, The Old Rectory, Stretton-on-Fosse, Moreton-in-Marsh.



Pearl Freeman



Fayer

Miss Bridget Veronica Kimmins, to Mr. Jeremy B. Chittenden. She is the younger daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Brian & Lady Kimmins, Rodwell House, South Petherton, Somerset. He is the younger son of Mr. & Mrs. R. G. Chittenden, The White House, Sandwich Bay, Kent.



Lenore

Miss Gillian Margaret Porteous to Mr. Alan MacKichan. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Porteous, The White House, Burwash, Sussex. He is the youngest son of Mr. & Mrs. A. S. MacKichan, Redlynch, Poppas Lane, Bexhill-on-Sea.



Vane

Miss Susan Caroline Lockwood to Mr. John Walters. She is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. A. S. Lockwood, Salton Manor, York, & Mrs. J. Lockwood, Yeoman's Row, London, S.W.3. He is the elder son of Mr. & Mrs. D. L. Walters, Lonigo, Italy.

A bridegroom from Pittsburgh

Beautiful vases of white lilies, white chrysanthemums and autumn foliage decorated St. George's, Hanover Square, for the marriage of Mr. David Chantler, son of Mr. & Mrs. D. E. Chantler of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to Miss Shirley Watson, daughter of the Hon. Robert & Mrs. Watson. The bride, who was given away by her father, made a radiant picture in an appliqué lace dress over tulle and a long tulle veil held in place by a circle of white flowers. She was attended by two little girls, her cousin Fiona Watson and Sabina Cotier (the latter deputized for Fiona's sister Clare who had German measles). They wore enchanting long dresses of white organdie over blue with blue sashes, and carried between them a basket of white flowers.

The reception was held at Claridge's where the bridegroom's mother, charming in brown, received the guests with the bride's parents, Mrs. Watson attractive in ruby red velvet. Among those present were the bride's uncle and aunt Lord & Lady Manton, her cousins the Hon. Rupert & Mrs. Watson, the bridegroom's sister Miss Peggy Chantler

and his vivacious aunt Mrs. Robinson who was over from Georgia for the wedding.

Others included the Countess of Midleton who lent her lovely house in Hyde Park Gardens for Shirley's coming-out dance a few years ago, Lady Audley, Lady Killearn, Sir Robert Craigie and his son Mr. Bobbie Craigie whose wife had not got back from Brussels in time for the wedding. I also saw Mrs. Toby Waddington and her son, Commander & Mrs. Kenneth Kemble, Mrs. Le Clerq Fowle, Sir Robert & Lady Renwick, Lady Meynell, Miss Iris and Miss Daphne Grenfell, Mr. "Sandy" Cameron, Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune with Miss Petronella Elliot, the Hon. Mrs. Marion Hubbard and Sir Shane Leslie (a picturesque figure in his Irish kilt). Commander Humphrey Tollemache made a charming speech proposing the health of the bride and bridegroom, who are going to live in America after their honeymoon.

Ballet stars will shine

I have heard from the Countess of Birkenhead, chairman of the committee organizing the "Gala Matinée of Ballet" at the London

Coliseum on 13 November, in aid of the Royal Academy of Dancing, that the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret have promised to be present. Both Margot Fonteyn and Alicia Markova will be among the ballet stars performing. There will also be guest artists from abroad including Antonio the Spanish dancer. Tickets from Webster & Girling Ltd., 211 Baker Street, N.W.1.

We are informed that the Duchess of Kent will not be attending the Autumn Ball in aid of the British Council for Rehabilitation on 30 October, contrary to our report in the issue of 15 October.

Reminders for your diary

Christmas Fairs are on the way. On 4 and 5 November the Young Women's Christian Association Fair at Quaglin's is to be opened on the first day at 2 p.m. by Lady Dorothy Macmillan. The United Charities Fair at Grosvenor House is on 10 November. On 19 November the Y.M.C.A. Fair takes place at Londonderry House, and on 27 November, also at Londonderry House, a fair in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind which Mrs. Christopher Soames will open at 11 a.m.

TRAFALGAR FAIR

for the British Sailors' Society



Lord Strathcarron, Miss Jill Manson and Lady Strathcarron. They ran a stall



Lt.-Commander A. T. Easton (he sails Bluebottle) with Mrs. E. Ellsworth-Jones



The Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry (a committee member) and Earl Beatty, president of the Fair

LONDON'S LANCASTRIANS

at their annual dinner

The Earl of Worcester (once a Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster) with Mrs. I. Medwin



Lord Justice Sellers. He was the principal speaker at the dinner (at the Dorchester)



Lord Justice Ormerod and his wife. He was chairman of the dinner



Lord & Lady Kershaw. He is a past president of the Lancastrians in London



Miss World (Penelope Coelen of South Africa) at the South Africa stand run by Mrs. P. C. Tattersall and Mrs. J. C. Goosen, wife of the South African Naval Attache

Lady Ogilvy, Mrs. Duncan McLure, Mrs. Edward Barnes and Lady Muir Mackenzie



THE CHATSWORTH TRIALS

at the home of the Duke of Devonshire



Left: Mr. Neil Gardiner and the Duke of Devonshire. Chatsworth, the duke's home, is in Derbyshire

Right: Captain R. L. Thompson and Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan. She is a show-jumper



Viscount & Viscountess Scarsdale (middle), with their daughter and son-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. J. Bearman and Mr. J. Bearman. The Scarsdale seat is nearby at Kedleston

IRON CURTAIN VICTORY

at the World Pentathlon, Aldershot

General G. Dyrssen of Sweden (premier of the Union Internationale Pentathlon Moderne) presented the trophies. The Russian team was the winner.





Above: The Duchess of Devonshire and her daughter, Lady Sophia Cavendish. Below: Miss Sheila Willcox and her fiancé, Mr. John Waddington

Flight Lieutenant & Mrs. Guy Wilkinson. The Chatsworth Trials were the last one-day event of the season. The perfect weather drew large crowds

Above: Mrs. F. D. Ley (a joint-Master of the Meynell) and Mr. G. Filson, the Meynell huntsman. Below: Mr. J. Eyston, the Hon. Mrs. Stephen Dobson and Mr. Stephen Dobson



agary and Finley second and third. Below: A. Tarasov (R. S. S. R.). The Pentathlon includes cross-country running, shooting, swimming, fencing and riding

Below, top: Brigadier L. F. E. Wieler of Britain. He is vice-president of the U.I.P.M. Bottom: Lt.-Gen. Sir Brian Horrocks (he represented Britain in the 1924 Pentathlon) and Sergeant D. Copley, R.A.F., of the British team

Below, top: Mme. G. Dyrssen with Col. F. Ljunggren of the Swedish Army. Bottom: Major M. A. Lepkowski (liaison officer for the Polish team) and Master Sergeant Richard G. Ellis of the U.S. team





NEWS PORTRAITS

Gerli Deutsch



CONDUCTOR 1 Herbert von Karajan (*left*), director of the Vienna State Opera, is to conduct the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall next Wednesday. Karajan, his back to an overturned chair, is shown vigorously rehearsing his favourite *Fidelio* at the Vienna State Opera House

CONDUCTOR 2 Alexander Gibson (*below*), musical director of Sadler's Wells, is to conduct an excerpt from *The Merry Widow* in the Royal Variety show next Monday. He is the youngest musical director of any opera house in Britain and one of the most versatile, ranging a wide musical field





AUTHOR The Italian novelist, Alberto Moravia, (*Two Women*), gave a talk at the Italian Institute of culture in Belgrave Square during his visit to England. His subject: the novel. The picture shows him with Count Morra, the head of the Institute since 1954 and organizer of the series of lectures which are held there

ARTIST The Catalan artist, Juan Miró (*below*), has been awarded the 10,000-dollar Guggenheim prize for the mural *Night & Day*, done for Unesco's new buildings in Paris (see p. 275). On the jury that made the selection was Sir Herbert Read, president of the Institute of Contemporary Arts in London. The mural forms two walls in the grounds



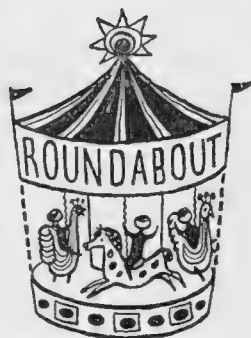
Felix H. Man



Ida Kar

Horses? I used to be a racing owner!

by T. E. B.
CLARKE



WHENEVER I see that there has been a sale of racehorses, prospective or found out, at Newmarket, Ascot or Dublin, I know nowadays that I shall shortly be receiving a telephone call. I prefer not to answer it myself, for then I may briefly bask in the glory of being informed—just as if I were Lord Rosebery or Aly Khan: “Your trainer would like to speak to you.”

He *was* my trainer—once. And he has the minor ambition to train for me again. In fact, when I pick up the telephone I find to my alarm that he is already assuming a *fait accompli*, for the conversation usually runs thus:

“Hullo, Mr. Clarke. Well, she’s arrived.”

“Who’s arrived—and where?”

“The filly I’ve bought for you. She’s here at Epsom now. A real little darling. I said I’d pick you a good one, didn’t I? That day in the bar at Lingfield. . . .”

(What *did* I say under the influence of winning a single-figure Tote Double?).

“You’re going to love her, Mr. Clarke. Beautifully bred—not too big, she’ll come to hand early. . . .”

“No—but, Sam, look—I don’t think you quite understood. All I said, I think, was *one day* I might like to have a horse again. . . .”

“You don’t want her?” (Pained astonishment.)

“I’m sure I’d adore her, but what with Income Tax and—and Income Tax and . . .”

“Oh, dear. Well, never mind, Mr. Clarke. I know another little man I’m sure will be glad to have her.”

The term “little man,” I am only too well aware, is no allusion to my figure. A “little man” in horsey circles is not even a jockey: he is a small owner—one with a single

racehorse which he tries to run on the proverbial shoestring. I was a “little man.” It was an experience I wouldn’t have missed; but it taught me that there’s nothing like ownership of a racehorse for putting one out of favour with one’s friends.

I wrote the script of a film called *The Rainbow Jacket*. The cast included 15 racehorses, which the studios found it cheaper to buy than to hire. None of them having ever been sighted in a real race, their cost worked out at something less than three figures apiece.

Conscious that they would be on the market again at an even lower price when the film had been made, I took pains to find out if any might be said to possess a spark of promise. I learnt that a French-bred chestnut gelding named Zator might conceivably—“given time”—show himself capable of beating the last horse in a minor selling plate.

Thus encouraged, I earmarked Zator for purchase at an agreed price of £40, and registered my colours at Weatherby’s—orange, green-hooped sleeves, orange and green-checked cap.

There was just time for an addition to the script: “The jockey enters the paddock. He is wearing orange, green-hooped sleeves, orange and green-checked cap.” At least the expensive item of silks would be covered by the studio wardrobe.

Production over, Zator was “given time”—six months after he had finished second in a celluloid St. Leger. I found myself an important figure even before he first sported my colours in public: important, that is to say, among the people who really mattered—the racing *afficionados* of my acquaintance. In particular Percy the porter at our local station, whom I promised to advise as soon as we were “having a go.”

The great day arrived. Some big race was being run at Epsom—the Derby or the City & Suburban, I didn’t really notice. The race of the day was the first on the card, the Banstead Selling Stakes.

The appearance of the owner’s name between brackets in the morning papers brought on a daze which didn’t let up till three minutes past two. Only a few brief memories have been retained from that phantasmagoria.

My horse’s name on the bookies’ boards (at 33 to 1). . . . The self-conscious stroll into the middle of the parade ring. . . . A jockey in *my* colours touching his cap to *me*. . . . The confidential whisper from a prominent lady owner: “I was sick first time.”

The relief of seeing Zator canter to the post as fast as any of the others. . . . The announcement that they were under starter’s orders. (This, was when he must have disgraced himself.) . . . More blessed relief when the tapes rose to find him facing the right way. . . . Mention of his name by the commentator. . . . And the final triumph: Zator tenth out of 12. There were two horses in the country slower than mine!

My friends were not unanimous in sharing my satisfaction. “Thought you said you was trying?” complained Percy the porter. It was useless to point out that trying is no guarantee of success. Nobody pulls a football pool coupon; but the failure of a horse belonging to an acquaintance is inevitably taken to mean it wasn’t “buzzing.”

Zator was buzzing all right—every time. I needed the money. But, pleased as I was myself when he went on to finish fifth of 14 at Sandown and fourth of eight at Hurst Park, Percy and his ilk remained dissatisfied. Fifth and fourth to a punter might just as well be 25th and 34th.

"Isn't that nag of yours *ever* going to win?" they demanded. I replied that we definitely fancied his chances in the first race at the Epsom-autumn meeting.

As a result of stopping to tell Percy I was putting him ten bob on the good thing, we arrived late on the course. Queuing up at a Tote window, I had my sleeve tugged by a tout who had been consistently whispering losers into my receptive ear since prewar days.

"Get on to Zator, guv'nor," he confided. "I 'appen to know the owner's got 'is lot on 'im."

This seemed worth investigating. Stuffing my two pound notes into my pocket, I walked over to the only bookmaker on the rails who knows me by sight. "What's favourite?" I inquired.

The suave reply—"Yours, sir,"—made this whole dicey venture worth while; it more than compensated for the disappointment of seeing Zator come in only third.

"That was a right stumper you put me on to," growled Percy the porter.

I forbore to repeat my trainer's belief that Zator, on this showing, must have a wonderful chance in the Apprentice's Handicap at Folkestone the following week. This next time I would put on ten bob for Percy without mentioning my intention.

We backed D. Keith to ride. "A good little boy," declared the trainer. "Never ridden a winner." My expression caused him to add hastily, "That means he gets five pounds' allowance."

Into the parade ring walked a lad tiny enough to have been grabbed out of a lower-school crocodile. I gasped. On the ability of this child to steer a very large horse round three bends of a ten-furlong course in blinding rain, I had staked the immense (for me) sum of £25.

I need not have worried. Another mental haze obliterates the details of the race, but

What they're wearing in Italy

A hunting twosome at San Remo where top Italian designers staged a fashion parade. The man's jacket is conventional, the girl's grey three-piece has Edwardian chic with a cinnamon-brown veil swathing the hat

there will remain for the rest of my life a vivid memory of D. Keith winning by a length and a half on Zator at 10 to 1.

D. Keith is now a fully fledged jockey, and a very good one. Who knows what the years ahead may hold? In times of personal depression I fall back for comfort on the knowledge that an old, gnarled, forgotten screenwriter will not go unrewarded when he touches his cap to the champion jockey and whispers hoarsely: "Who put you on your first winner, Mr. Keith?"

Leaving glorious Folkestone at the end of that joyous afternoon, I was further warmed by the thought of how loved and respected I must now be among all who knew me. How wrong can one be? The comments on this great victory were unvaried.

"I'd got so fed up with backing that wretched horse of yours, I never had a penny on."

But at least there remained Percy the porter. With the glow of the cheerful giver I handed him the fiver he had unwittingly won.

"Pity you didn't tell me it was that good," grunted Percy. "I'd have risked some real money."

Never any more do I wish I were Aly Khan or Lord Rosebery. Life must be hell for them.



BRIGGS by Graham





THE HORSE

makes a comeback

REPORT BY DAVID STONE

THE FORTUNE of the horse in Britain has undergone an extraordinary change. For a long time, horses and horsemanship were at a low ebb; only a small band of horse-lovers kept an interest in the horse going. Suddenly, all over Britain, people whose closest knowledge of the horse used to be a morning glimpse of the milkman's light van are climbing into the saddle.

A whole new class of riders fills the riding schools and clubs. Idle cobs whose week's work was a few leisurely ambles over the fields, now find themselves trundling over the heath from dawn to dusk. Their new riders come from all parts of society. There are doctors and dockers, tycoons and typists. Their ages range from 2 to 92. All have in common a new love of the horse.

Two things have sparked this boom: show-jumping on television, and the success of British jumping teams in international and Olympic events. Less specifically, there seems to be a new-found fondness for the horse as a link with the past in our hectic, tranquillizer-and-H-bomb age.

The top horse shows draw enormous crowds: 67,000 saw this year's Horse of the Year Show at Harringay, and a world-record 100,000 watched this summer's Royal International Horse Show at the White City.

At Mill Hill Stables, riding master John Bone finds his 17 horses on the trot, canter or gallop all the daylight hours. A fine Sunday brings 65 riders from as far afield as Kilburn and Wembley.

"Every Tom, Dick and Harry is riding today," says Mr. Bone with the greatest good humour. "You get parents who'd have liked to ride themselves. They're determined to give their kids a chance."

The best-known riding school in the

country is the Cadogan Riding School, long ruled by the late Horace Smith, and now in the hands of his redoubtable and far-famed daughter, Miss Sybil Smith. From her beautiful stables at Holyport, near Maidenhead, Miss Smith also reports a boom.

Miss Smith holds the royal warrant as jobmaster to the Queen, and it was at the Smith school that the royal children all learnt to ride. So to Holyport—the London stables were closed last year—come riders from all over Britain, from all over the world, in steady numbers.

"The difficulty is in finding time for all the riders who want to ride with us," says Miss Smith. Even with an average of 40 lessons a day, she cannot satisfy everyone.

Alexander Mayer, the riding-master of the Lilo Blum stables, which specializes in riding in the Row, is equally happy. His 11 horses carry up to 30 riders each day. "You cannot replace the horse by sputniks," he says. "The present interest in the horse is a reaction against our mechanical world." And he hotly denies any suggestion of riding being privileged. "That's just not true any more. Riding is the most democratic sport there is."

Captain "Jimmy" Younghusband, chairman of the 100-strong Association of British Riding Schools, is delighted with the boom: Now we're faced with a shortage of competent instructors—that's the last thing anyone thought would happen a few years ago."

People who want to take up riding, and particularly parents whose children want to ride, often jib at what they think will be a fantastic cost. Naturally, the fees vary from school to school, and may or may not include tuition.

At Mill Hill, Mr. Bone charges a flat 10s. 6d.

an hour. "I find it pays to charge one price, and this includes instruction." A lesson from Mr. Mayer costs 25s. and an hour's ride a guinea. At Holyport, the fee varies from 15s. to two guineas, though this can include advanced jumping and driving.

The time it takes to learn to ride varies. Says Miss Judith Reed, head girl at Mill Hill: "After 12 lessons you should be able to walk, trot and canter off the leading rein, and manage a horse."

As for kit Mr. Bone firmly dissuades new riders from buying any at all until they've had two or three rides: "I always tell them to ride in a pair of jeans, and see if they really like riding before spending money on equipment."

The only essential kit is breeches and boots or jodhpurs and jodhpur boots. Prices for any item of riding kit vary enormously, depending whether you go to a "top" shop, or one of the many firms who specialize in good, cheap riding wear. Or you can buy second-hand, and feel not a bit ashamed. A pair of jodhpurs can cost from £2 to £8, and boots about £3 12s. 6d. A good pair of breeches costs about £5, and a pair of made-to-measure boots from £15. A full-cut riding jacket will cost between £3 and £7, and a hat another £3. The Pony Club—the flourishing organization that looks after young riders—insists that its 24,000 members wear hard hats for protection against falls.

The general opinion in the riding world today seems to be that formality in riding wear is over. Says Mr. Mayer: "All that is essential is breeches and boots, and that is solely in the rider's own interest."

But there are some dissenters—particularly in the Row. One of them is Mr. Dennis Edwards, secretary of the Rotten Row Riding Club: "We aim to enforce stricter rules of dress. Many riders turn out looking so sloppy that we term them the slacks-and-sweater brigade. They lack a feeling for tradition. Tweedy hacking-jackets are

[Continued on page 296]

Riding in the Row (opposite) is Mr. Terry-Thomas who, though he plays the dandy in his stage appearances, believes in non-formal attire for his outings in the park. More pictures of the Row and its riders are on pages 272-3

THE ROW:

High prices, heavy traffic and scarcity of stables are squeezing it out

Mr. A. B. Pratt owns the De Vere Riding School near High Street, Kensington. His stables are on the first floor and approached by a cobbled ramp up which the horses climb



Contrast in the Row: (above) The solitary rider is a mounted police sergeant exercising his horse. The flashback picture (below) shows the crowded scene along the rails, which formerly bordered the ride, on an April Sunday in 1929





After a morning spin in Rotten Row the riders turn to De Vere Mews. The watchers on the gallery are standing outside the stable entrances on the first floor of the building awaiting their charges



Young riders and grooms take a pride in their turn-out. Here they prepare their horses in the shadowy, cobbled stable yard at the De Vere School before setting out



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The moment of departure (top) as the riders clatter over the cobbles into the sunlight. Above: Mr. S. Marman of Anstee & Co., delivers hay to the stables. With so few left near the Park the trade is dying



While riding flourishes throughout the country, Hyde Park's famous Rotten Row is in decline. Before the war, countless onlookers leaned against the white safety rails that encircled the ride, to watch the elegantly dressed equestrians and the schools of young, velvet-capped children trotting by. Then, at least 200 riders were to be seen in the Row before breakfast!

Now, rarely more than 20 riders go out on any one day; only half a dozen or so stables remain in business, and two or three of these are thinking of closing down. The white railings that used to reserve the Row for riders have gone. Taken in 1940 as scrap metal to help the war effort, they have never been replaced, and according to the Ministry of Works, there is no intention of putting them back. So the Ride is a jay-walker's paradise; women wheel their prams and children play ball in the path of oncoming horses.

Dennis Edwards, secretary of The Rotten Row Riding Club, maintains it is the lack of stabling facilities that keeps riding costs high. "Our members have to pay 15s. an hour," he said, "and I fear we shall have to put the price up again in the near future. But members of clubs such as the Civil Service Riding Club pay a yearly subscription of 2 gns. and are able to ride for 10s. because they have their own horses and stables in De Vere Mews.

"We have approached the Ministry of Works for permission to stable horses within the park itself—but no luck so far."

One problem is that landlords have been reluctant to renew tenancies, preferring to gain possession of the stables to re-let or sell as mews properties. Also, increasing road traffic has made it more dangerous for getting the horses into the park.

The Row is part of London's character. Many will surely agree with Pat Smythe when she says: "People who live in London would not have the opportunity of riding at all if there were no Row. It should be preserved at all costs."—VEE RITHERDON.

Doyen of riding masters, 70-year-old Mr. Robert Barley looks back on a fading era. His grandfather founded the firm in the City in 1850 and at one time had over 400 horses. Mr. Barley began hiring horses for riders in the Row in 1925

ARCHITECTURE

Culture builds a home

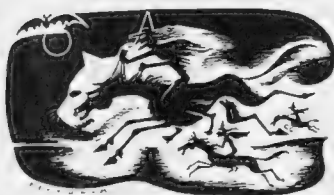
UNESCO'S NEW WORLD HEADQUARTERS
OPENS IN PARIS NEXT WEEK



CULTURE is a nasty, genteel word. It would have been no surprise if the new building of the United Nations Educational and Cultural Organization had turned out to be a prim nonentity like our Air Ministry in Whitehall or the new wing of London's County Hall. In fact the building (to be opened on 3 November) brings to formal Paris architecture the freedom and new scale of this century and of the organization it will house. The Unesco Executive—all honour to it—had the strength of mind to employ architects of international stature.

The team consists of Marcel Breuer, Bernard Zehruss and Pier-Luigi Nervi. Nominally they represent the U.S.A., France and Italy. Nervi is the moving spirit of the new art of using concrete as a thin continuous shell. Breuer (Hungarian-born, Bauhaus-educated, American resident) as a young man, had only to buy a bicycle for it to suggest to him the idea of making furniture of tubular steel. And he is just as alert and inventive today.

The French government's offer of a fine site between Avenue de Suffren and Place de Fontenoy, brought with it some problems of its own. Across the Place de Fontenoy is the Renaissance elegance of the Ecole Militaire, with courtyards, symmetry and statues. The French are conservative about the splendours of Paris. Renaissance buildings are planned to create façades and vistas, 20th-century buildings are planned for the use of their occupants. The problem has, however, been solved without compromise. The Y-shaped Secretariat of Unesco completes the curve of the Place de Fontenoy



When things go bump in the night

HALLOWE'EN FACTS COMPILED BY MICHAEL CRAMPTON

☛ *Hallowe'en originally marked the close of the Celtic Old Year; it is the eve of All Hallows, the Festival of the New, the hour when past and future meet. In parts of Ireland the last day of October is still known as Oidhche Samna, the Vigil of Samna, Lord of Death. With the coming of Christianity the ancient pagan rites gave way to Church festivals held on the same dates.*

☛ *South Uist greets All Souls' Eve with a cautionary verse: "Hallowe'en will come, will come, witchcraft will be set agoing. Fairies will be at full speed, running in every pass. Avoid the roads. children. children."*

☛ *In Lancashire the witches gathered at Malkin Tower in Pendle Forest and woe betide you if you had no lighted candle to keep the infernal rout at bay on the lonely fells.*

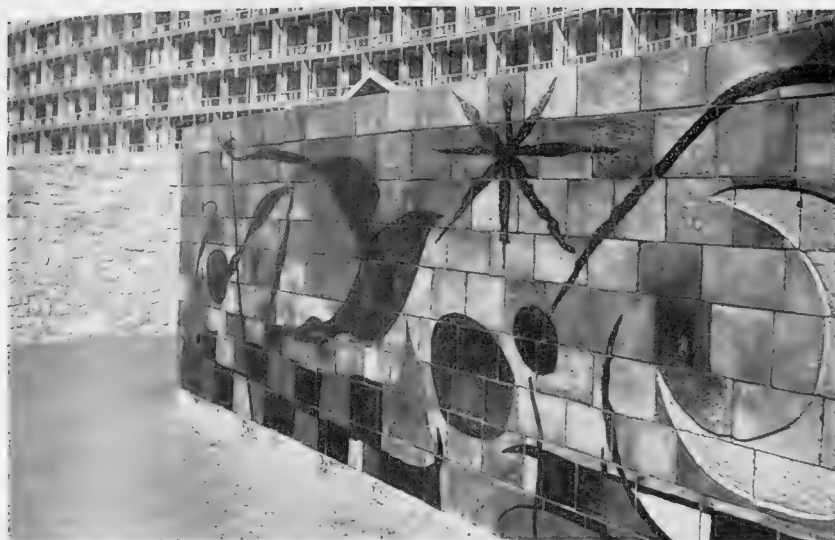
☛ *Cardiganshire had a boggy seated on every stile and in Ireland the fairy hills were open for a man to peep at the treasures within. But not to go too close, for the wives of many were often snatched by the little folk and could only be recovered within the year provided they had eaten no elfin food.*

☛ *Farmers used to march their men around the fields waving lighted torches and chanting songs. This prevented warlocks and hobgoblins from causing disaster to next year's crop.*

☛ *Sure charm against witches, the Hays of Errol believed, was a sprig of mistletoe cut on Allhallowmas Eve with a new dirk. First, though, the tree had to be encircled three times sunwise while pronouncing spells. This mistletoe was an infallible guard in battle.*

☛ *Scottish legend tells of two young men who found fairies dancing by a lighted house. One wisely stuck a needle in the door and disarmed the fairy folk; the other joined their dancing. A year later he was still jigging and when at last he was rescued nothing remained of him but skin and bone.*

☛ *Hallowe'en is the night to tell who will die and who marry in the year to come. Three bowls are prepared, one containing clear water, one muddy water and one empty. Blindfold, each person dips a finger in one bowl. Clean water foretells a young partner; muddy, elderly; empty, bachelor or spinsterhood for another year.*



DETAIL OF MIRO'S CERAMIC MURAL. ALTOGETHER THERE ARE 248 PANELS

without any sacrifice of its own freedom.

The Unesco buildings are made of concrete and were intended to look like it. The walls were to be left just as they came from the shuttering, which was specially constructed. Workmen however, do not easily alter their habits, and the finished walls bore every kind of defacement, including oil paintings. The carefully poured concrete had to be bush-hammered. This doubled the expense, and the natural roughness was lost. Perhaps the pioneer effort was not wasted, as this teaches workmen will understand the method in future.

Plain walls were a good idea for this building, which will have to stand up to a formidable load of art. The canteens and common rooms have

murals by Tamayo of Mexico, Afro of Italy, Appel of the Netherlands and Matta of Chile. Arp has made bronze relief panels to be let into the rubble wall outside the library. An immense Henry Moore in Carrara marble reclines in front of the secretariat.

The 248 ceramic panels that make up Miro's mural were made in the mountains near Barcelona and carried out on the backs of donkeys. Picasso has once again succeeded in making a stir. The deceptive simplicity of his mural is such that even some of his supporters wonder if he has taken the job quite seriously. The crowning artefact of Unesco is a garden, laid out with trees, water and stone by the Japanese artist Noguchi.

—DIANA ROWNTREE

Partners can also be chosen by roasting hazel or chestnuts. The unmarried person names a nut and places it close to the fire. The sparks which blaze indicate the best partners: those which smoulder, of course, jump away are matches to be avoided.

Highly interesting contradiction is the couplet a girl recites, having placed her nut by the fire:

"If he loves me pop and fly,
If he hates me lie and die."

Shropshire girls would hang their shifts over a chair before the fire and wait in silence for midnight. All then repeated a 10-minute charm. Immediately this was over, a shift would stir. Its owner would be the first to marry.

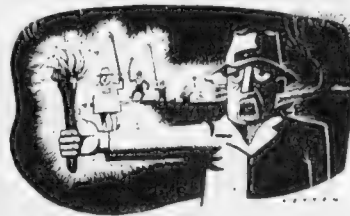
In Wales the fate of the coming year was read by women gathered by candlelight in the parish church. Here also they heard the names or saw the coffins of those who were to die. To see the apparitions one had to run three times round the church and peep through the keyhole.



Pomona, the Roman divinity of the fruit of trees, still survives in ducking for apples, a favourite Halloween game in which the apple, floating in a pail of water, must be seized in the teeth. The larger the apple, the greater the good fortune.

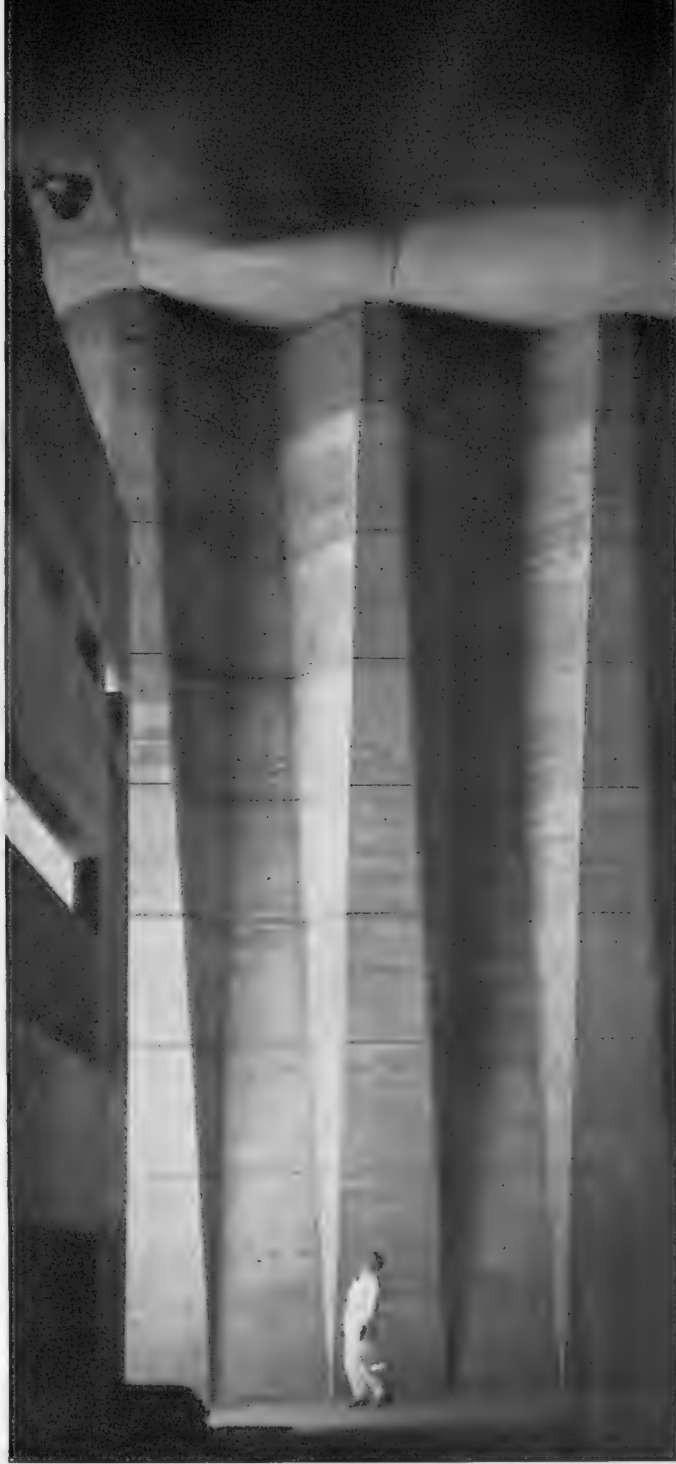
Witches were thought to be wicked souls summoned back by the Lord of Death. Ghosts were revisiting their old homes to warm themselves at the hearth. Bonfires were burnt to welcome them.

A special Halloween cake, the Bonnach Samhthain, was eaten outdoors. People threw pieces over each shoulder alternatively saying: "Here to thee, wolf, spare my sheep; there to thee, fox, spare my lambs," and so on to eagle, raven and other marauders.



A girl with the courage to venture into a darkened garden could sprinkle hempsed and whisper: "Hempseed, I sow; hempseed, I throw; let him who will be my true love come after me and mow." Then a rapid glance over her shoulder would disclose the form of her future husband.

INTERIOR OF THE CONFERENCE HALL, PLANNED FOR COMPLETE SECLUSION AND INSULATION FROM NOISE





THEATRE

What, no message?

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

The man of many facets (Alfred Marks), and his friend Harry who explains them (Naunton Wayne)

THE PLAYHOUSE is such a desperately serious place these days, rumbling with portentous ideas which everybody interprets differently, that it is singularly pleasant to come on a piece like *A Day In The Life Of...* at the Savoy. Mr. Jack Popplewell, the author of *Dear Delinquent*, has no sort of intellectual axe to grind, though, knowing the ropes, he is careful to go through the motions of grinding one. He sends on Mr. Naunton Wayne as compère to remind us with expert flourishes of *The Times* and a rolled umbrella how widely differing may be the impressions that a man makes on the various people who run across him in the course of a day. We are quite mistaken if we suppose from this preamble that we are in for a dark rooting about in the depths of personality. Mr. Popplewell aims only to entertain, and he has in the cast that versatile comedian, Mr. Alfred Marks, to make certain that the splitting of the hero's ego into half a dozen fragments will give us more to laugh at than to think about.

It must be allowed that the entertainment begins a little shakily. Mr. Charles Hickman, to whose direction the piece as a whole owes much, has all he can do to put a semblance of comic life into the opening sketch of the gold-digging mistress who sees the Tin Pan Alley publisher as an ageing man foolishly pretending to be younger than he is. The scene plays rather like French classical comedy, and without the wit the dotard of Mr. Marks is not very funny. But things brisk up wonderfully as soon as the foolish, fond old man of the early morning bedroom has arrived in his office and is revealed to us through the eyes of a rival publisher as a spry, double-crossing scamp. His business for the day is to rob his rival of a moronic youth who has the trick of turning out songs that sell by the hundred thousand. When Mr. Marks has shown his skill in the gentle art of hanky-panky, we are ready to believe the crook he has outsmarted: a dirtier double-crosser never dangled bogus contract before the eyes of innocent youth. Mr. Robert Donald delivers this judgment with breathless conviction.

But to his secretary the double-crosser is the biggest and the most considerate man who ever trod Tin Pan Alley. One of the best of the sketches is that in which boss takes adoring secretary out to lunch and, because she can further a particularly crooked scheme which he has in mind, dazzles her with a brilliant and quite inexpensive display of restaurant know-how. Mr. Marks puts on yet another wig, deepens his voice and elaborates his gestures to support the girl's impression of her employer as a superb bon-vivant surrendering himself to the irresistible lunch-time romance. How perfect is the French in which he calls for "*l'addition*" to wind up the performance, which has gained piquancy from the circumstance that in an adjoining alcove the hero's wife, who knows all about her husband's mistress, is planning to "step out" on her own account with another man. The other man, of course, is the rival publisher still smarting from the morning's outwitting which has lost him his most lucrative composer.

But by far the funniest scene shows the hero on a visit to his mother. Hardly any traces of the lover, the smart Alec, the man about town are left. Mr. Marks, freshly bewigged, becomes ludicrously the spoiled, endearingly obedient small boy who has

to his mother's astonishment grown up into a man every whit as playful, as teasing and as considerate as the small boy. Mr. Popplewell makes some attempt in this scene to knit the sketches together, bringing the pampered mistress, the injured wife and the about to be cheated secretary into some sort of relationship. But nothing much comes of this attempt to turn the collection of revue sketches into a play. Mr. Popplewell revives it rather more successfully after a sketch which shows that in the eyes of a barmaid the hero is nothing but an oaf who cannot hold his drink and makes a nuisance of himself.

This contretemps brings Mr. Marks unexpectedly home. There is no wig now to give anyone the wrong impression. He is just as his wife sees him—a humble fellow much in need of something to stop the bedroom spinning round him, contrite, anxious to forget the day, eager to make a new start in married life. She humours him on the assumption that all his follies and sharp practices are only his way of trying to cut a figure in a world which, truth to tell, he has always found rather frightening. And on to the scene of good resolutions triumphant there steps jauntily in Mr. Naunton Wayne to remark that tomorrow is another day and will doubtless bring its own temptations.



Understanding wife :
(Pamela Lane)

Sceptical mistress :
(Therese Burton)

Adoring secretary :
(Gabrielle Hamilton)

Indulgent mother :
(Amy Dalby)



THE HANDS of the Polish Mime Company tell the story of The Cabala—fortune-telling by cards. The company, which comes from Wroclaw, is produced by Henryk Tomaszewski (the man at the table). They are playing a short season at the Princes Theatre

Played by hand

THE HANDS of Lloyd Reckord as Sonny Lincoln underline the theme of *Hot Summer Night*, a new play by Ted Willis about the colour problem. Andree Melly is Kathie Palmer, the girl who wants to marry Lincoln. *Hot Summer Night* opens at the New Theatre, London, on 26 November



Angus McBean



Clifton James (left, with John Mills) scores a personal triumph in I Was Monty's Double, writes Elspeth Grant

CINEMA

The man with Monty's face

by ELSPETH GRANT

FOR ME, THE GREAT fascination of *I Was Monty's Double* is that the story is, in the main, true. In 1944 a couple of M.I.5 chaps really did cook up a quite preposterous plan to divert the Germans' attention from our preparations for D-Day and suggest that our attack would be launched from the Mediterranean—and Mr. M. E. Clifton James is the very man who carried it out for them.

Mr. Bryan Forbes's excellent screenplay is pretty well "a documentary" for three parts of its length. It shows Mr. James as an ex-actor serving as a lieutenant in the Royal Army Pay Corps. He bears a remarkable resemblance to General Montgomery (as Lord Montgomery then was) and for a joke, wearing the famous two-badged beret, he takes the salute as the great man at an army concert. Mr. John Mills, a major at M.I.5, is present and impressed. He puts up an idea to his superior officer, Mr. Cecil Parker: if Mr. James could be accepted as General Montgomery by an audience of British troops, might he not be able to fool the Germans successfully with his impersonation?

Mr. James is lured to London from Leicester, where he is stationed, on the pretext that the Army Film Unit wishes to use him in one of its productions. Mystified but dutiful, Mr. James reports to Mr. Mills who, with Mr. Parker, breaks the news to him that he is being offered the part of a lifetime only not in a film but in real life and the Mediterranean theatre of war. He is to play "Monty." Mr. James is at first appalled and protests modestly and fervently that the task would be quite beyond him but Messrs. Parker and Mills, irresistible in argument, talk him into it—and soon the still bewildered actor is intently studying

the general and his characteristic mannerisms.

By the time the hoax is to be sprung, Mr. James has perfectly mastered the stance, the carriage of the head, the salute, the wave of the hand, the air of authority, the walk and even the clipped speech: he can pass for "Monty" anywhere—and he does, in Gibraltar and North Africa, where for 48 hours of glorious life he is given the full V.I.P. treatment. At this point the screenplay romps off into a fiction about German spies and an attempt at kidnapping the "general." I could have wished it had stuck a trifle closer to the truth—though, admittedly, the fiction is less tinged with sadness.

The fact is that Mr. James received no recognition for his fabulous and successful exploit (the Germans were completely deceived)—no decoration, no mention in dispatches, only, at the general's suggestion, a general's pay for two days. Never a strong man, he returned in poor health to the Pay Corps—and was promptly arrested as a deserter, so hush-hush had his great ad-

venture been kept. Now Mr. James re-emerges from obscurity to score a personal triumph in his greatest rôle. I am happy to say the War Office and the film's distributors combined to make Mr. James one charming gesture: his son, on military service in Germany, was given special leave to attend the première and Associated British-Pathe flew him over.

According to *The Barbarian And The Geisha*, the first American consul in Japan, in 1856, had a poor reception from the natives. They were definitely hostile. There is a certain uncouthness about Mr. John Wayne that seems to justify this and as his first official act is inadvertently to introduce cholera to a small port and then deliberately to burn the whole place down to destroy the infection, one sees very well why the Japanese might think it wise to keep themselves to themselves.

Mr. Sam Jaffe acts as an interpreter, and this is a good thing as my Japanese is not what it might be—but it's a pity just about every line has to be translated as this makes the film twice as long as need be. Miss Eiko Ando is exquisitely graceful as the geisha who adorns Mr. Wayne's household—and there is a splendid performance from Mr. So Yamamura as a strongly isolationist samurai. The costumes are staggeringly rich and beautiful, the rigidly formalized movements and ritual ceremonies have a quite extraordinary charm, and Mr. Wayne looks as out of place as a boxing glove in a boudoir.

A sequel to *Up The Creek, Further Up The Creek*, directed by Mr. Val Guest in a manner that leaves one little time for thought, struck me as not only faster but considerably funnier than its equally farcical predecessor. Mr. David Tomlinson is once more the long-suffering Lt.-Cdr. Fairweather, R.N., who is endlessly diddled and done down by a rascally crew headed by Mr. Frankie Howerd who replaces Mr. Peter Sellers as the fiendishly ingenious bo'sun. This time the illicit money-making activities of the ratings produce the shocking spectacle of one of Her Majesty's frigates putting to sea with a horde of battened-down passengers aboard, all deluded into thinking they're on a luxury cruise.

Mr. Basil Wright's 40-minute documentary, *The Immortal Land*, is in praise of Greece. The effect on me of the lovingly photographed rugged landscapes, dreaming ruins, huddled hillside villages and wild seashores was to produce a passionate desire to go there at once by the first possible conveyance. There is perhaps a little too much of the honey of Hymettus in the commentary but it is finely spoken by Mr. Leo Genn, Mr. Michael Redgrave and Sir John Gielgud.

In *The Day Of Triumph*, the Reverend Brian Hession attempts to present the last days of Christ, including the Crucifixion. I do not doubt his sincerity or that of Mr. Robert Wilson, who portrays Our Lord—but I prefer to study the Gospels in the Bible.

THIS WEEK'S FILMS

I WAS MONTY'S DOUBLE—M. E. Clifton James, John Mills, Cecil Parker, Marius Goring. Directed by John Guillermin.

THE BARBARIAN AND THE GEISHA—John Wayne, Eiko Ando, Sam Jaffe, So Yamamura. Directed by John Huston.

FURTHER UP THE CREEK—David Tomlinson, Frankie Howerd, Shirley Eaton, Thora Hird. Directed by Val Guest.

THE IMMORTAL LAND—Documentary, directed by Basil Wright.

THE DAY OF TRIUMPH—Robert Wilson, Lee J. Cobb, Joanne Dru, James Griffiths, Lionel Gilmore. Directed by Irving Pichel.

BOOKS I AM READING

Bedazzled in Alex

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

THE BIG NEWS is the third volume of Mr. Lawrence Durrell's quartet: *Mountolive* (Faber, 16s.). As yet it seems possible only to guess at the whole plan of this extraordinary, seductive work, in which some of the same characters and events are seen in new perspectives and through different eyes. The main scene is constant—Egypt, and in particular the "pitiless city," Alexandria. *Mountolive* is British Ambassador in Egypt, and the lover of Leila, who catches smallpox and retires into seclusion. The decline of this love-affair, conducted by letter until it becomes wholly of the imagination and the two are afraid to meet again, is wonderfully done.

Here are the characters from *Justine* and *Balthazar* again. Justine herself, Nessim, Pursewarden the brilliant difficult writer, in love with his sister who is blind, Amaril the surgeon, passionately devoted to a girl with no nose, from whom he is planning to construct "the nose of a soldier in a Theban fresco" . . . Mr. Durrell's characters are nothing if not exotic. *Mountolive* is as bizarre, puzzling, witty, lavishly and outrageously clever as its predecessors. The big set-pieces as baroque and glittering as the prose as lapidary and idiosyncratic. Why is it that poets often write so superbly in prose, and the reverse hardly ever happens?

The new theme in *Mountolive* is politics, explaining and motivating many events that have hitherto seemed mysterious. After a second reading I am still foxed by a great deal of it, but this seems unimportant. I do not think you can entertain any mild feelings about these books—either they are not at all for you, or they take over like a severe virus infection or possession by spirits. I am nervous of my copies, and sniff them from time to time for any trace of brimstone. They are the sirens' song, the fairy-tale ointment that, once applied to the eye, takes away normal sight and substitutes enchanted vision. I have mislaid something of myself in Mr. Durrell's Alexandria, and no cool, objective opinion can be expected from a person in such a deranged condition.

After *Mountolive*, it is hard not to sound off-hand about what follows. And I intend no disrespect to Scott Fitzgerald, whose world is a long way from Alexandria in some ways, but whose writing exercises on some the same kind of spell. I am not a dedicated admirer—partly perhaps because the myth of Fitzgerald and his tragedy settles down on me like a gloomy cloud the moment I start to read him—but I can make a humble bow to his disturbing genius and his great professional skill. Some writers, no matter how fine, remain your blind spot for ever, and no amount of hard work and logical admiration will clear your sight. The Bodley Head have issued a very

prettily produced first volume of his collected works (20s.), with an introduction by J. B. Priestley, and *Afternoon Of An Author* (Bodley Head, 16s.) is a selection of his essays and short stories, some of them bright, fierce, witty and as clever as anything dare be.

Frank Norman is a young man who has served five prison sentences, and has now written a book called *Bang To Rights* (Secker and Warburg, 15s.) about his prison experiences. There seems every possibility that Mr. Norman's rhyming slang and argot will become as modish as U-talk was in its time. The book itself seems to me to have remarkable qualities—great humanity and friendliness, zest, humour, anger (no spite), and a vivid vitality. It is a valuable document, and it is intensely readable. My only uneasy doubt is whether, in our present lively state of guilt about class-consciousness and the superior vitality of the non-intellectual man of emotions, we shall not inevitably read *Bang To Rights* with at least a trace of the terrible condescending enthusiasm of the Enlightened Cultured for the noble savage, the unlettered primitive. "Why look, how genuine, how amusing, Mr. Norman's spelling is quite unlike ours. . . ."

He makes a wry, dry comment on it in a preface: "... it was decided that the spelling was part of the book . . . I do hope that I will be forgiven, because I believe that since writing the book I have progressed a little towards the orthodox." I hope it is a cynical and unworthy doubt that Mr. Norman's improved spelling may impede his literary success.

Also on my list: *Hide My Eyes*, by my top favourite thriller-writer, Margery Allingham, who, unlike many we will not name, is actually concerned with the moralities and the pain involved in criminal conundrums: horrid, flawlessly professional, and—all

right, it's true—you can't put it down. . . . Noel Streatfeild's *Magic And The Magician*, (Benn, 15s.) a slight, agreeable book on E. Nesbit and her children's books, which does not shift Mrs. Langley Moore's biography from its position; but is welcome as a reminder that E. Nesbit's peerless books, my passion, my delight, should be regularly re-read (and most of them are once again in print). . . . *Charlecote And The Lucys*, by Alice Fairfax-Lucy (O.U.P., 30s.), a charming chronicle of an English house and its family, that makes one wish all great English houses had their historians. . . . *The Love Letters Of Voltaire To His Niece* (William Kimber, 25s.), a unique literary discovery made last year, the only disappointment being that the letters seem for the most part to be extremely boring, perfunctory, and, just occasionally, plain nasty, brutish and short. . . . *The Letters Of Rainer Maria Rilke and Princess Von Thurn Und Taxis* (Hogarth Press, 30s.), another thing altogether, the record of a witty, devoted, passionate friendship between two dedicated letter-writers, one of whom was also a strange genius. I would have liked more explanatory footnotes; but their lack cannot altogether impede the extraordinary fascination of walking about in these two remarkable minds, stuffed with gossip and sublimities. . . . *Verlaine, Prince Of Poets*, by Lawrence and Elizabeth Hanson (Secker and Warburg, 30s.), another smooth and glossy biography from the indefatigable Hansons, who seem to be steadily working through art and letters in the 19th century. . . . *Part Of A Long Story*, by Agnes Boulton (Peter Davies, 25s.), an account of the author's early years as the second wife of Eugene O'Neill. Fascinating material, unfortunately written in the manner of magazine-serial fiction, with passages of pop-novel dialogue.

AS THE TREE FALLS: This is the correct title of Miss Doris Leslie's latest book reviewed in our issue of 1 October. The heroine's name is Jocosa, not Locosa. These were transcription errors

STANLEY PARKER DRAWS

John Betjeman

In London, John Betjeman lives in a Dickensian house in Cloth Fair; in the country he has a Victorian farmhouse (Mead Waterfowl Farm) at Wantage. He has two passions—poetry and architecture. His collected poems are being brought out by John Murray and Collins are publishing his Guide to English Parish Churches





The leather revolution

Gone the notion of leather merely as a hard-wearing but somewhat intractable material. Today it is gay and versatile, entering the front rank of high fashion with coats, slacks and even shirts. The styles shown on these and succeeding pages were photographed at the Knightsbridge Riding School



Michel Molins

Honey-coloured, soft-textured calfskin gives a luxury air to the coat (*left*) far removed from the line which made them so often resemble a Continental policeman's uniform great coat. High fashion gives it a long, loose waistline, push-up sleeves and a single front fastening. The price is £50 at Simpson's, Piccadilly, who also supply the stone-coloured Italian shirt (*above*). The material is suède, very fine and pliable, and weighs only a few ounces, price : £31 10s. It is teamed with Daks pants in a fine worsted tan. The price is £5 12s. 6d. from Simpson's

THE LEATHER REVOLUTION *(continued)*

Shoes must keep step

FOR CORRECTNESS
IN COUTURE

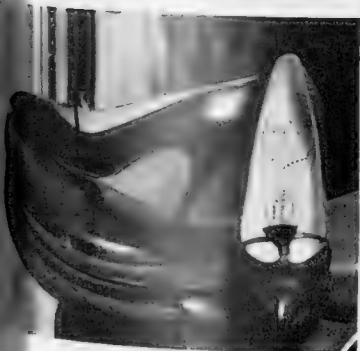
London's couturiers insist on the correct accessories to high-light their creations and it is here that leather can play its most important rôle. Michael's coat (*right*) in Silksuède by Bolton Leather Ltd., is richly trimmed with racoon. Cut generously with huge fullness and dramatic wide cuffs, it is dyed a splendid cigar-leaf, soya brown—a two-tone effect being gained by the silky two-way nap of the suède. Edward Harvane made the hat in matching suède. The shoe in close-up (*below*) is made by Josef Bottier



Silksuède by Bolton Leathers Ltd. is used with effect by Charles Creed for the jacket and beret (*below right*). The colour is Ashes of Roses and the jacket is lined with the material of the tailored dress, a tweed and linen mixture in toning mushroom and cream. Simone Mirman's beret, R. & J. Pullman the exactly matching gloves. The shoes in mushroom calf (*right*) were chosen by Charles Creed from C. & J. Clark



Michel Molinaro



Mattli gives an extra sparkle to his suit of brown and white Irish tweed (*above left*) with a set of leather-coloured buttons and a spectacular matching nigger belt. The shoes he chooses (*left*) are by Saxone in nigger calf from Bolton Leathers Ltd. Rudolf supplies the crowning luxury, a wig-shaped phantom beaver beret

THE LEATHER REVOLUTION

Trio from Europe



Michel Molinere

Completely wind-proof, these Continental leathers are also very light and comfortable to wear. The jacket in light beige suède with knitted sleeves and collar in toning wool is right for the country. Lillywhites have it in a number of shades priced at 15½ gns. The diagonal tweed skirt is in "Poacher's Cloth" hitherto used exclusively for making game-keeper's breeches. Price: 6½ gns. Also from Lillywhites a toning suède beret at 4 gns.

Leather slacks for women are something new again. These in tough black calf (*right*) fashionably tapering to the ankles are at Lillywhites and cost 18 gns. The black leather jacket, with front-buttoning, has a knitted welt, cuffs and collar, and zipped pockets. At Lillywhites, price: 17½ gns.



Leather in its most feminine manifestation, the softest possible fine cape dyed a pale blue. This three-quarter length coat, made in Switzerland and obtainable at Fortnum & Mason has a stitched rib motif on collar and pockets and is lined with silk. Price: £30. Fortnum & Mason also supply the accessories, matching blue leather gloves, price: £4 10s., and the white leather handbag which is trimmed with the same pale blue, price: £25 8s.







Shoes to flatter your feet. In black calf with ultra-high heels and low knotted strap at Marshall & Snelgrove. Price : 8 gns.

IT COULD BE FOR YOU IF—

You can't resist a bargain

At 19 gns. you simply can't pass by this neat dress and jacket. The dress is tailored in warm, soft brushed wool which can be found both at Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, and Cavendish House, Meltonham. The complete outfit (*left*) is shown here in a mauve and black check but there is a range of other contrasting checks. The straight, boxy jacket has three-quarter length sleeves and a slightly pouched hem. Black kid gloves, 15s., and the neat black calf handbag, 15s. 6d., complete the leather theme. They are from Marshall & Snelgrove. (*Right*) Here the sheath dress is revealed as black jersey rising from the high waist noted in many recent collections. The river pearl necklace, 7 gns., matching earrings, 39s. 6d., and the bracelet, 10s. 6d. each, are all obtainable at Marshall & Snelgrove.



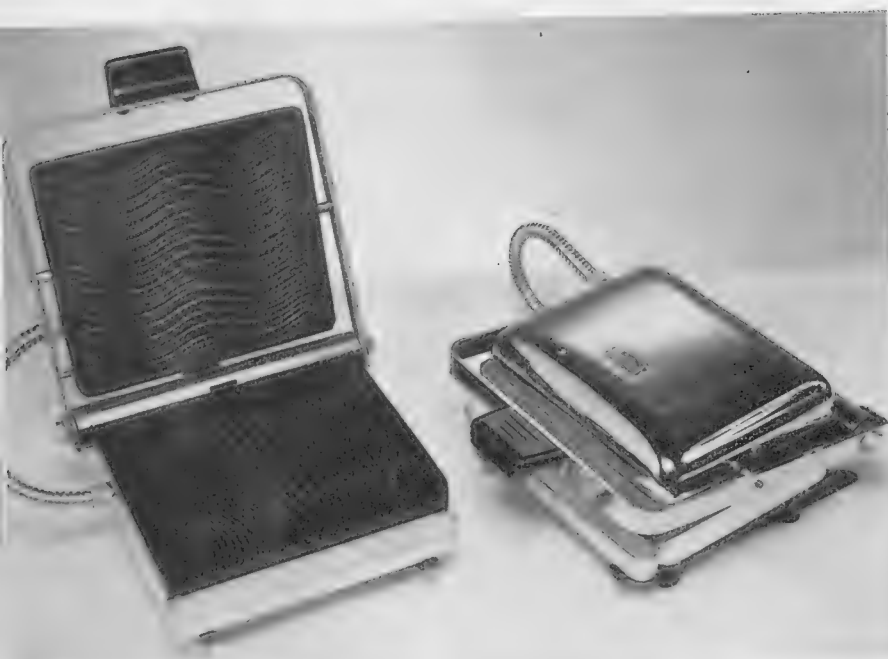
Photographs by
Peter Alexander

The fondue spirit lamp can be used for sauces as well as for the famous Swiss cheese dish (£10 10s.). Fortnum & Mason

SHOPPING

Table-top cooking

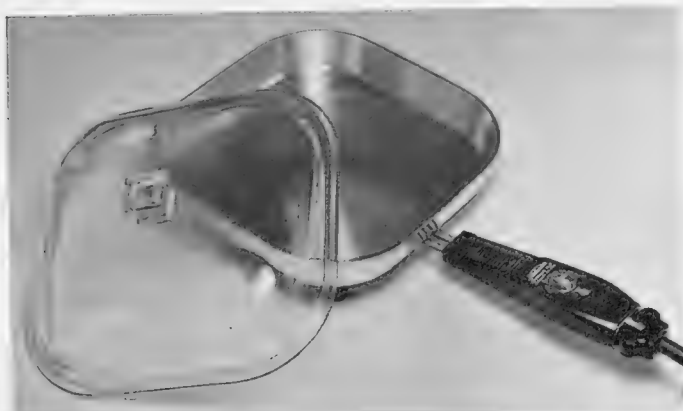
by JEAN STEELE



It does not matter whether you like your meat well cooked, rare or medium. Individual preferences are quickly catered for with the Magicook infra-red grill, which takes seconds to cook steaks, chops, or American-style hamburgers (£11 11s.). Fortnum & Mason



Spit-roasting is brought up-to-date in the new Kenwood *rotisserie*. In the same unit as the electric rotary spit, the *rotisserie* combines a gridiron, grill and a hot plate (25 guineas)



Dennis Smith

Eggs and bacon, pancakes or sausages or fried chicken can all be cooked at correct temperatures in the Sunbeam controlled-heat electric frypan. (£9 19s. 6d., with cover.) Fortnum & Mason

The Elkington spirit lamp for table cooking is silver-plated (£27 10s.). The Crêpe Suzette pan used with it is made of silvered copper and the 9-in. size costs £4 19s. 6d. Fortnum & Mason



the name

of authority

in furs

Bradleys

2 WELBECK STREET, W.1

A Bradley model in ranch mink



ENGLISH ROSE. A style in Scandinavian blonde in which the hair completely circles the head in a series of soft waves. A Raymond wig



DAHLIA. A cap style in a mixture of summer rose and ash. The back hair is drawn up into a pony tail and the front is fringed. A Raymond wig



CHERRY BLOSSOM. Caribbean green and sky blue are mixed in the colouring of this wig. The fringe is full to add height. A Raymond wig

BEAUTY

The wig is back

by JEAN CLELAND

Zanton

I'D LOVE ONE, wouldn't you? It would make such a change."

The smart-looking woman I overheard was talking of Raymond's new wigs.

There is no doubt that women, once in a while, get in the mood for adventure. Anything for a change, for the chance to be gay and frivolous, and go a little mad. If this takes the form of altering their looks, now is their big opportunity, for focus at the moment is on wigs or perruques, both of which were displayed at recent shows in London.

Raymond called his presentation the "Garden of Eden," because he says he thinks of women as flowers, and has sought inspiration for his creations from flowers all over the world. At the Café Royal we saw his new perforated netless wigs worn by ballerinas and charming models. All were called after flowers—Dahlia (Mexico), Chrysanthemum (North Africa), Orchid (Tropics), Camelia (France) and many others. Fitting beautifully to the head, they were lovely both in texture and in colour.

While the idea of wearing a wig may seem a bit daring to some women, it must be remembered that in the days of Madame Pompadour they were the height of fashion. Ladies of the court did not wear them because they were losing their hair, but because they were infinitely becoming. Raymond feels that his modern creations will find favour today with those women who have the courage to be adventurous with their looks.

Olofson of Knightsbridge likes the French name *perruque*. At his show these were produced in a new form which could be sprayed to any colour with easily removable dyes. The styles were designed to recall Elizabethan, Greek and the great ages.

The ones he presented could be described as extravaganzas. "The beauty of my perruques," said Olofson, "is that they can always be brought back and re-dressed in a more simple style".

For the benefit of those who would find them too expensive to buy, they can also be hired out. The fee is 5 guineas. The client can choose any of the wigs.

BANDEAU. A jewelled band decorates this style in golden blonde nylon. A perruque by Olofson



LOUIS XV. This style suggests the elegance of Madame Pompadour's famous fashion. A perruque by Olofson



ACE OF HEARTS. A simple design showing the new high and wide line. Another perruque made by Olofson

Michael Dunn





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MENTON LEMON FESTIVAL, Feb. 6 - 15; Contest of the Golden Fruit, Feb. 8 - 10; Spring Fête, Mar. 9. Galas. Concerts. Tennis.

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MOTORING

Improved models from the Show

by GORDON WILKINS

MOST CARS pass through three phases during the years they are in production.

There is the first model—new, clear-cut and sometimes even beautiful—which embodies the designers' original conception, or as much of it as they could persuade the management and the production costing experts to accept. After a year or two small improvements are often made from experience and the car is then at its best. Thereafter it usually enters a decline as the basic shape is overlaid with extra chromium and new dual colour schemes which ignore the original line.

The grille will probably be altered and other details changed in an attempt to keep up with the latest fashion. All this may no longer apply in the United States (except to the smaller manufacturers), for General Motors are now planning complete changes of style every year. But it does apply in Europe, where the same body pressings have to be used for five to ten years in order to spread the tooling cost over a reasonable number of cars.

The Standard Vanguard has now been in production long enough to be well into the period of decorated decadence but it has been rescued (*picture at top*) by young Giovanni Michelotti. He has corrected some of the errors of the original conception, made the windscreen and rear windows bigger, cleverly substituted slim vertical tail lamps for the ugly round ones, added wheel discs and devised a dividing line for the dual

by next year's Motor Show, Standard-Triumph will be coming into prominence as one of Britain's most talked-about car manufacturers.

A unique feature on the Vanguard III is the offer of a three-speed gearbox with steering column lever, or four-speed box with central lever, without any difference in price. The Borg-Warner automatic transmission is also available.

The Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire is another car which has taken on a new character. Few external changes distinguish the new Star Sapphire, beyond minor alterations to bonnet, grille and rear wings, and the practical improvement of hinging the front doors on their forward edges. But the larger 4-litre engine produces a hefty flow of torque which gives it an impressive getaway and the maximum power has risen from 125 to 165 horsepower. Borg-Warner automatic transmission is now standard and there is an ingenious control in the form of a lever on the instrument panel working in a slot calibrated in m.p.h. from 35 to 65. This permits the driver to select the speed at which the box changes from second to top gear, suiting the characteristics to leisurely cruising or hustling.

Disc brakes at the front deal safely with the extra performance of the Sapphire, and a vacuum servo produces full braking with a light pedal-pressure. The final touch for really effortless motoring is the adoption of the latest Burman power-assisted steering. Altogether this is now one of the fastest and most luxurious closed cars in Europe (*picture on left*); a fact which is reflected in a considerable price increase, the basic price being now nearly as high as the price of the old model including tax (£1,763, or £2,645 17s. including tax).

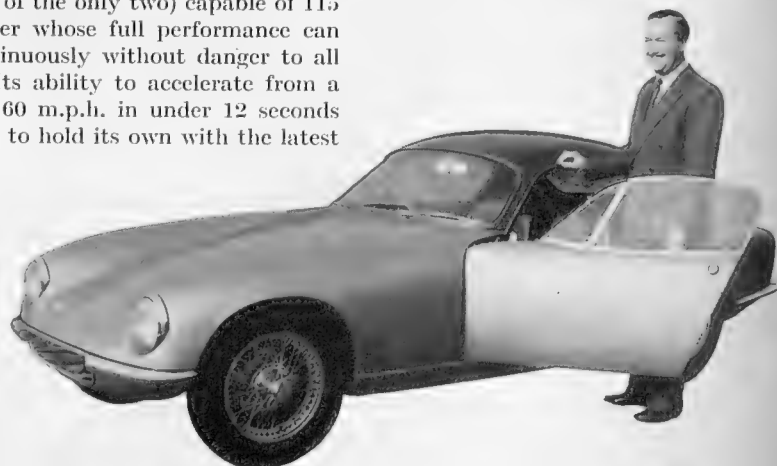
An increase in engine size has also rejuvenated the Jaguar Mark VIII which is known as the Mark IX (*picture right above*) when fitted with the latest 220 b.h.p. 3.8-litre engine. Despite published claims, this is not the fastest six-seater saloon in regular production (the Chrysler 300 D does about 140 m.p.h.) but thanks to its disc servo brakes on all four wheels it is one of the few (perhaps one of the only two) capable of 115 m.p.h. or over whose full performance can be used continuously without danger to all concerned. Its ability to accelerate from a standstill to 60 m.p.h. in under 12 seconds will enable it to hold its own with the latest

high-powered American sedans, which the Mark VIII could no longer manage. It also has power-assisted steering. The price including tax is £1,994 17s. with synchromesh gearbox or £2,162 17s. with automatic transmission.

The same kind of performance but in an entirely different package has just provided one of the highlights of my year's motoring; a run in the Lotus Elite. The lithe, graceful lines of this revolutionary all-plastic coupé, backed by the international reputation of Lotus sports-racing cars created world-wide interest when the prototype was shown at Earls Court last year. That car was hastily stuck-together just before the show opened,

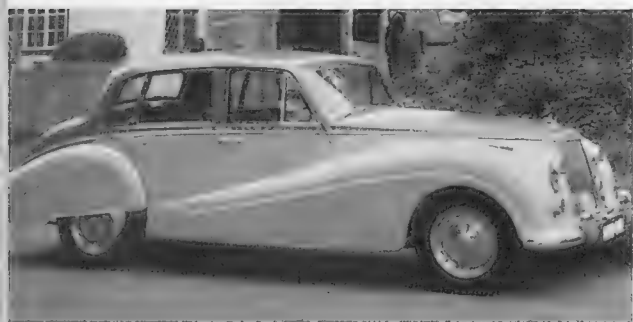


but since then there have been 12 months of intensive development on the road, on the racetrack and at the MIRA proving-ground, and the production models are now coming through. They seem to be as good as they look (*picture at bottom*). There is comfortable space for two people and their luggage and the seats are wonderfully comfortable, with a subtle combination of firm surfaces and soft edges. The car gets away like a jack rabbit without wheelspin and goes straight up over 100 m.p.h. without pausing for breath. High speeds can therefore be used on short open stretches, and not just on straights extending away to the horizon. The disc brakes bring it swiftly down to a crawl again with no drama. Controls are expertly arranged and it handles like a racing car. Unlike most of our manufacturers, Colin Chapman is reserving the first 100 for the home market and there seems to be a healthy flow of orders at £1,951 7s. including tax.



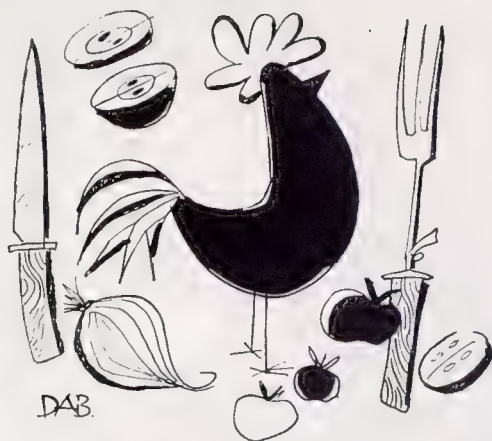
colour scheme which at least distracts attention from a pressed moulding in the doors which was always in the wrong place and must perforce remain there. The grille is new, neat and appropriate and the colour schemes are the best Standard has had for years. So the 1959 Vanguard is by far the best-looking of the series. Basic price is increased by £20, making it £695, or £1,043 17s. with tax.

This is only a small indication of the things Michelotti has been doing for Standards. Manufacture of press tools and all the other equipment necessary for production of new models takes anything up to two years after designs have been finalized, but I predict that



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DINING IN

Mushrooms by the million

by HELEN BURKE

IT CAME AS a surprise to me, when I journeyed down to Sussex recently to see mushrooms being canned, to find that the Linfield family is the largest grower of mushrooms in the world—nearly nine million pounds of them each year! And the mushrooms are canned "on the spot."

Now, if this was a story from France (the home of good cooking) or the United States (the land of colossal production on all sides), it would have been understandable—but here...

The Linfield family farms, in all, a thousand acres—not all devoted to mushrooms. There are chickens, turkeys, fruit, vegetables and flowers—but it was mushrooms I had gone to see. And there they were, growing in clusters which took one back to fairy-land (probably because of the association of mushrooms with a "fairy ring"). They stood and tilted in exactly the same way.

I have seen mushrooms growing many times—indoors and in the open fields—but this was the first time I saw them being canned. The plant is capable of turning out 25,000 cans a day.

Mushrooms are in our green-grocers' shops every day of the year but, sometimes on odd days, it is not possible to buy the tiny white champignons for a fish dish, or blanquette of veal, or chicken in cream sauce or any other white meat stew. For this reason, I always like to have a can of them on hand because, better and more full flavoured as the large mushrooms are, they do darken a white sauce.

I must say, it was reassuring to me to see how carefully they were handled and the hygienic conditions under which the processing took place.

There are five presentations of these Sussex mushrooms, each in a 7½-oz. can. Tiny "buttons" (3s.) which I will not be without;

mushrooms for grilling (2s. 9d.); creamed mushrooms for adding straight to certain dishes (lovely in chicken pie!) for 2s. 6d.; and mushrooms with savoury rice and mushrooms with macaroni (each 2s.).

These last two make good fillings for omelets or to be mixed with scrambled eggs. Here is a suggestion for a *Television dinner* for four, in individual dishes served on individual trays. Chop a lightly grilled rasher of bacon, per person, and place it in each little oven-dish. Beat 4 eggs. Stir a can of mushrooms and savoury rice into them and add seasoning to taste. Spoon a quarter of the mixture over each portion of bacon. Sprinkle the surface with grated Caerphilly or Parmesan cheese and pop into the oven (high up) to brown the top and barely cook it through.

Here is another *short cut* (quite legitimate). Dust the inside of a double poussin or one of slightly larger size—a broiler, say—with pepper and salt. Also, if liked, first rub it with a cut clove of garlic. Fill the bird with a can of mushrooms with savoury rice or macaroni and roast it in the usual way.

Things are made easier and easier for us! Quick-frozen foods, for instance. There seems no limit to the fish, meat, vegetables, fruit and even sweets which come to us in frozen form.

This last week, I came across another interesting form of steak—*Steaklets*. These are made of flaked (not minced) lean steak, pressed into oblong slices, seasoned and quick-frozen. They can be fried or grilled, just as you like, and four of them cost only 2s. 3d.

These little steaks should be available in all those enterprising shops which sell quick-frozen foods. And I must report that they are good indeed—and so were the quick-frozen potato chips which I served with them, first heated through under the grill.

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THE HORSE MAKES

A COMEBACK *Cont. from p. 271*

frowned on—black coat, breeches and riding boots are the rig-of-the-day."

Miss Pat Smythe also holds definite views on this subject: "In London, I think it is important to be smartly dressed at all times, and I do not see why one should diverge when riding. Slacks and jeans are all right in the country—but out of place in the Row."

Despite the difficulties of keeping horses and ponies (even in the most grassy suburbs), more and more people are buying a mount of their own, and keeping it either at livery with a nearby stable, or in their own stable. Prices again vary enormously, but something between £65 and £120 should buy a reasonable mount. It is possible for a beginner to buy through a well-known school or stable. Cost of keeping a horse can be anything from £3 to £6 a week.

Another aspect of the riding boom is the increase in riding clubs. There are 160 in Britain at the moment, and new ones are being formed all the time. There are primarily two sorts of riding club: those where the club owns the horses, which are then hired out to members, and those where most of the members own their own horses, and band together in the same way Bentley-owners will.

The giant of the hire-out class is the Civil Service Riding Club, founded in 1937. It now has 350 members, 12 horses, and its own stables near Hyde Park. Members pay two guineas a year, 10s. to ride in the Row, and 12s. for instruction. The club is privileged to use the school of the Cavalry Barracks, and a jumping paddock in the grounds of Kensington Palace.

"Our only trouble is getting rides and instruction for all our members who want them," reports club secretary Mr. Alec Holden. "In fine weather you have to wait at least a week."

The Sevenoaks Riding Club, founded in 1948, is a particularly lush example of an owner-rider club. Of its 104 members, whose ages range from 17 to 60, more than half have their own horses. "We have all sorts of trades and professions among our members," says the club's chairman, insurance manager Mr. Leo Harris, "and we have a full programme of rallies, lectures and films."

To the British Horse Society, which is to horses what the A.A. and R.A.C. are to cars (and equally excellent value at a guinea a year), the boom also means expansion. Membership is already up to 9,000, not including the Pony Club which it controls. "We are enormously pleased with the present increase in interest in the horse and its welfare," says Mr. R. A. Brown, the B.H.S. secretary. "It can only benefit riding schools, riding clubs and pony clubs throughout the country."

So in our age of fast aeroplanes, fast cars and fast means of annihilation, the horse retains his traditional place in British hearts, as more and more people discover, to paraphrase Jorrocks, that "all time is lost wot is not spent in ridin'."



DINING OUT

Oasis in Oxford

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

For interesting results, take a gentleman named Alexander Seward, Russian by origin and born in China, send him up to Oxford after the war; let him find himself "in College" faced with what he described as whale meat curries, reinforced concrete vol au vents and rissoles (quite uneatable) which for some reason were labelled *Russe*.

Alexander Seward decided he had a mission, that was to put an end to the "Brown Windsor Dynasty" in Oxford. This he has now achieved, aided and abetted with great enthusiasm by his wife, formerly Joan Wyndham, a niece of Lord Glenconner.

Three years ago they started an Italian restaurant and espresso bar in Oxford which was a considerable success. Being full of courage and high endeavour they sold out last year and bought a defunct hotel with the unlikely name of *Wilberforce* in Queen Street. This they have entirely remodelled so now we have the Fontana Hotel, which incorporates the Capri Restaurant. It is a sort of gastronomic oasis in Oxford, especially if you like Italian food.

It specializes in the food of Capri and most of the staff, including the chef, who are all Italian, come from that famous island.

It is patronized by a gay and cosmopolitan crowd of people, is fully licensed, and open until midnight. You dine by candlelight. Bedrooms are available at the hotel.

If you don't know much about Italian food, consult M. Ciro, their maitre d'hotel, who will put you wise to such delights as Pizzaiola, Chicken Cacciatore, Pizza, etc.

If you want to stay the night or reserve a table, telephone Oxford 2857. If you want to complain about anything (most unlikely) send for the manager, Raphael Esposito. If he can't put things right, nobody can, because he is the man who runs the place.

Now for some fresh air south of London. You don't have to go far, neither do you have to have a ticket to somewhere by plane to enjoy lunch or dinner with food of high quality and some unusual specialities, combined with a mag-

nificent view over the countryside from your table. All you have to do is to go to Gatwick Airport, park your car, and discover the restaurant.

En route you can stop for an aperitif at a smart bar and if you want something new ask for an "Armand & Bene," a cocktail with a sweet start and a sharp finish, created by their master mixer Bene Bengier who hails from Denmark. This he named after the caterers in control, Armand & Bennett, who have had experience of airport catering for many years.

In control of the gastronomic side of the business is Francis Borg, who, after being trained in France, arrived in England in 1926. He gained further experience at the Cecil Hotel and the Savoy. He has been with Armand & Bennett for over 12 years.

Their specialities, from an extensive menu, include such items as Scampi Côte d'Azur, Caneton Roti à l'Orange, Cointreau Filet Steak Sauté Armand, Crepe Anita Rosa, and so on.

If you want to plan the menu for your meal or have some of the specialities explained to you, ask for Mr. Borg in person. He will be delighted.

There is a sensible wine list at the right prices in support—from 13s. a bottle and upwards, and if you are in the mood there is an excellent Château Haut Brion 1953 at 34s. which will give you considerable pleasure.

The event of the week for me was the mammoth wine tasting organized by "Ringmaster" Guy Prince at the Lebègue cellars, which I visited in company with W. E. "Billy" Butlin and Supermarket King, Patrick Galvani. They were paying their first visit to what has become the biggest social wine occasion of the year.

There were thousands of candles, thousands of bottles of interesting wines, a cold buffet of incredible magnificence, as usual organized by Jack Finney (Mr. Pimms No. 1) in person, and as for the people present, there is no space to list them. It would be difficult to think of anybody who was not there.



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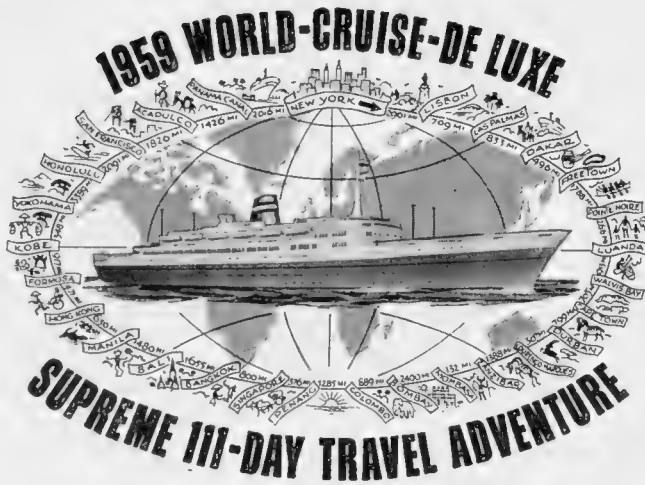
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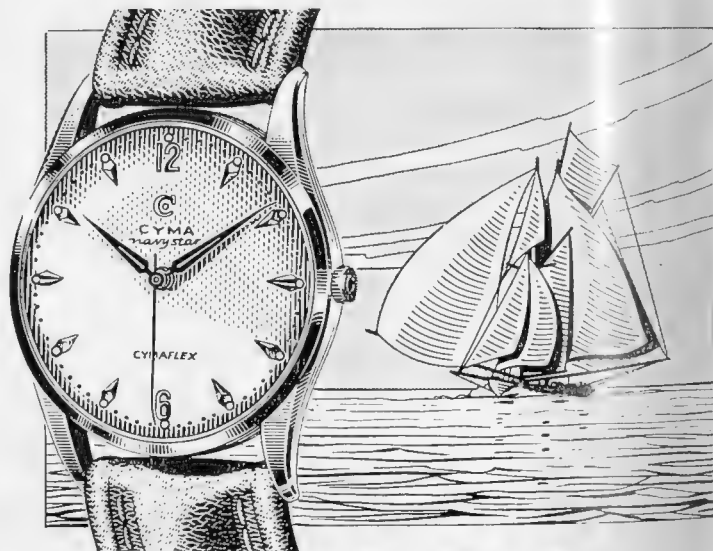
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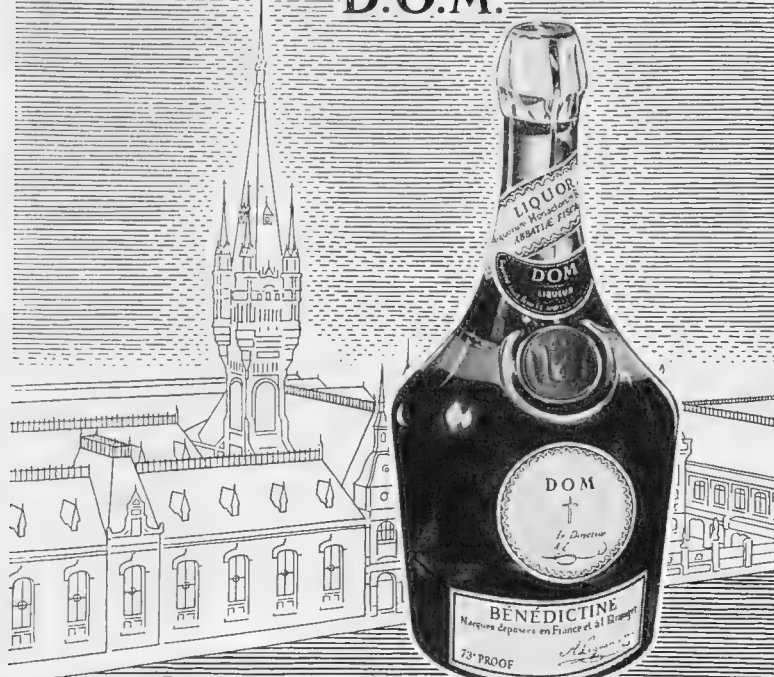
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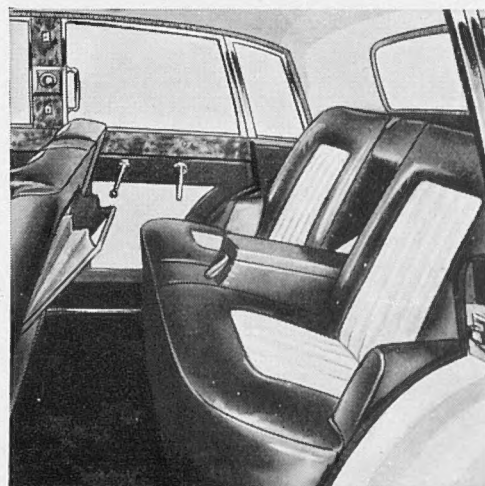
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MARTINI



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Saturday November 8

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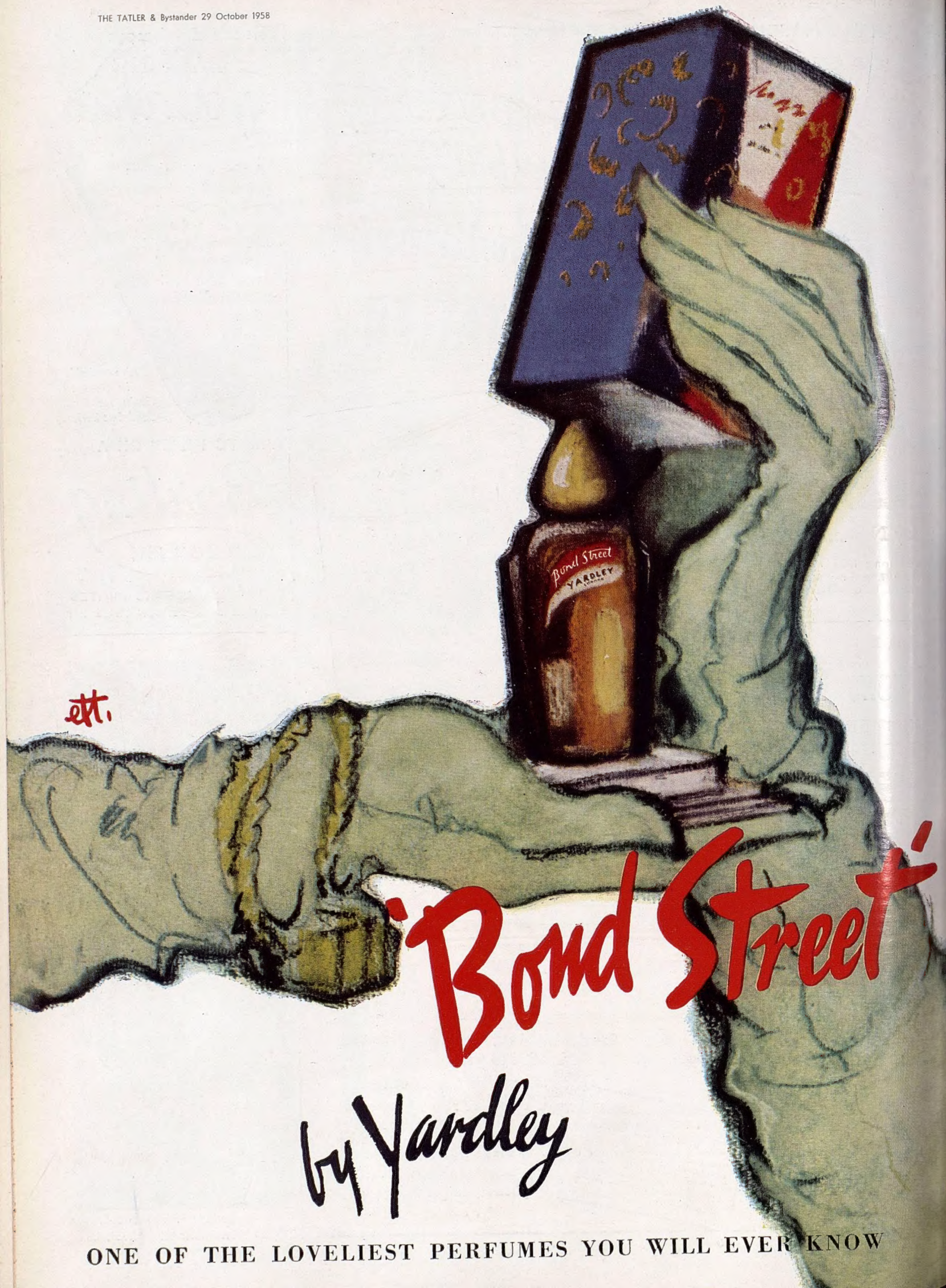
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